

# The Sketch

No. 892.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1910.

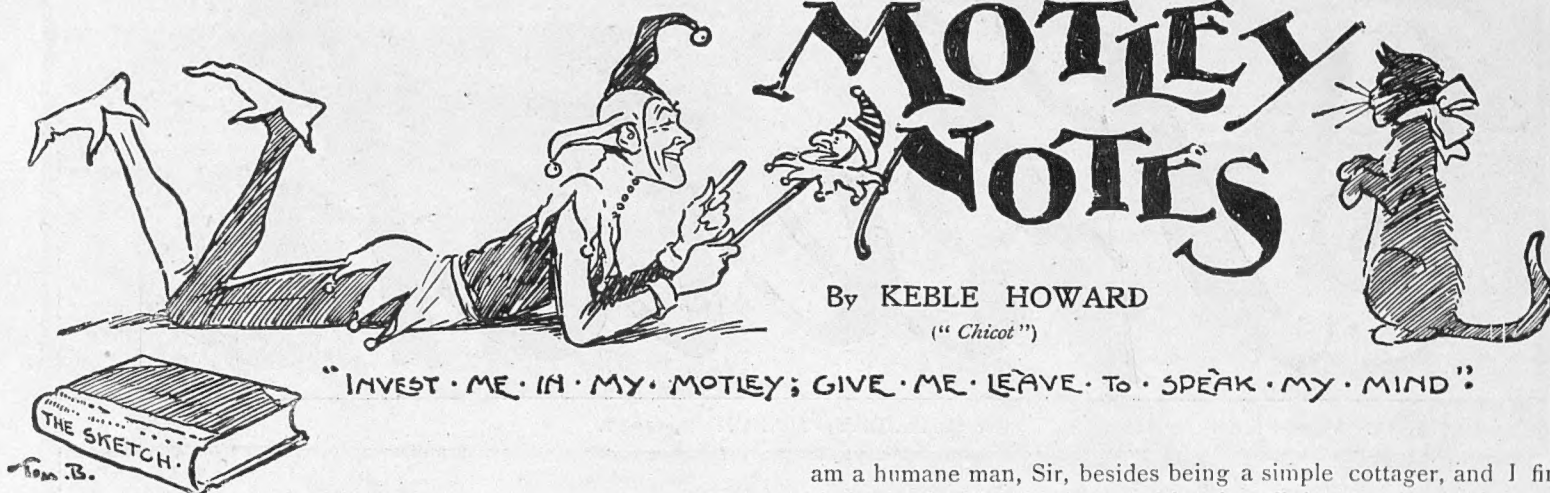
SIXPENCE.



148 DEGREES ABOVE BOILING-POINT! A PATIENT BEING "BAKED" BY ELECTRICITY.

The Tyraeur baths are used for the curing of gout, rheumatism, and other diseases. That part of the patient's body that calls for treatment is encased in cotton wool and then exposed to a heat of 360 degrees Fahrenheit. Boiling-point is 212 degrees. In this particular case, the patient is sitting with his legs in the special baths designed to fit those limbs.—[Photograph by C. J. Clarke.]





### THE MOTLEY PARLIAMENT.

#### STARLINGS AS CONVERSATIONALISTS.

To "Chicot," care of the Editor of *The Sketch*.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Veritas" appears to think that a starling with a gift of speech is something in the way of a novelty. He is, of course, quite in error. My dear father possessed a starling that could not only talk, but sang and danced as well. It was in every way a brilliant bird. It held definite opinions on most of the subjects of the day, some of them in direct opposition to those held by my dear father, who is now, I deeply regret to state, deceased.

They used to take long walks in the country together, and we could hear the starling's shrill but powerful arguments a full mile from the house. Strangers thought there was something rather uncanny about this companionship; but we were quite used to it, and had much ado to understand their surprise.

Unfortunately, the starling developed a habit of sitting up very late. My dear father was reluctant to let him sit up alone, and I fear that the loss of sleep, combined with the nervous strain of many hours of heated argument, undermined the health of both.

Littlehampton.

NUNQUAM.

#### THE PASSING OF "CABBY."

To "Chicot," care of the Editor of *The Sketch*.

SIR,—As one of the unfortunate horsed-cab drivers referred to by your correspondent, I should like to ask the public if they ever think of the inconvenience to which we are put by waiting up all night in the hopes of getting a fare? It has often been my lot to spend the whole night on the rank—at least, the horse and the cab were on the rank. I was having a tin of hot cocoa and a wretched game of cards in the shelter—in the hopes of being picked up by some belated reveller. Sometimes I got a job, and sometimes I did not. If I did not, do you suppose the public gave me any thanks for having stayed up all night for their convenience? No, Sir. Not a bit of it. They would simply tell me to go home and have a wash and brush-up. I ask, Sir, is this fair? Is it English? Is it common or garden justice?

Mark my words; the day will come, and is not so far off as some people seem to imagine, when there will be no horsed-cabs on the streets of London at all. Every nation gets the fate it deserves, and there is not going to be any exception in favour of England.

Pimlico.

DISGUSTED.

#### "GOLDEN EGGS."

To "Chicot," care of the Editor of *The Sketch*—

SIR,—I see that one of your readers is boasting about the number of eggs that he has had from nine puce Orpington pullets. I should like to tell him my record. I am a simple cottager, living in a little cottage. I fancy that my experience will not prove uninteresting.

I bought a sitting of white Wyandotte eggs two years ago, and the result was five cockerels and five pullets. The former I ate. The latter began to lay on Christmas Day, and have been laying continuously ever since—up to the present time the noble five have laid me 3186 eggs of all colours. I can assure you, Sir, that they are not at all extraordinary birds to look at, although they behave in such an extraordinary way.

I am told that by mixing a little sawdust with their food they can be persuaded to lay very much more than they do at present. But I

am a humane man, Sir, besides being a simple cottager, and I find the task of collecting the eggs already sufficient to give my poor old woman a nasty crick in the back.

JOHN BROWN.

Preston.

P.S.—I shall be happy to supply any of your readers at very little above market rates. The above address will always find me.

#### MODEL SERVANTS.

To "Chicot," care of the Editor of *The Sketch*.

SIR,—I am constantly reading in your correspondence columns bitter complaints from housewives who cannot find servants to suit them. If these ladies will allow me to say so, Sir, I think the fault frequently lies as much with the mistress as with the maid.

Let me give you my own experience. I have a servant who is eighty-four years of age, and another who is seventy-nine years of age. They have both been in our family since they were quite little girls, and I can honestly say that neither my grandmother, my mother, nor myself have ever had to find the slightest fault with them, except, perhaps, on the score of doing too much work.

The other day I said to Lavinia, who is the elder of the two maids: "Lavinia, Master Richard is going to begin business on Monday. I am afraid he will require his breakfast rather earlier than usual—say, about five-thirty." "Oh, Mum," replied Lavinia, "don't you mention that. Me and Dinah will both be down at four to get the dining-room nice and warm for him."

The two treasures are inseparable, and often wait at table with their arms round each other's waists.

ANNE SHAKESPEARE.

Wootton-in-Arden.

#### BREACH OF PROMISE.

To "Chicot," care of the Editor of *The Sketch*.

SIR,—I cannot agree with your correspondent, James Splendid, who argues that it is very foolish of a man of any age to write letters to a woman of any age that might be used in evidence against him.

Give me a man who pours his whole soul on to the paper, who does not stop to weigh his words, who does not even consider what he is writing about. Such a man, one knows instinctively, must love deeply and truly. His love is the love of a lifetime. It is not like the sand of the seashore; it is like the great cliff that towers so high above the beach. A man who will write to a woman like that, freely, fully, even gushingly, is a man upon whom she can place all her trust, all her reliance, all her maiden confidence.

He need not be afraid, if he does happen to change his mind, that such letters will ever be used in evidence against him. No really sweet woman ever brought an action for breach of promise. On the contrary, she has his letters: they are her solace.

I myself have two large trunks stuffed to the brim with such letters, so I ought to know.

FOND HEART.

Swansea.

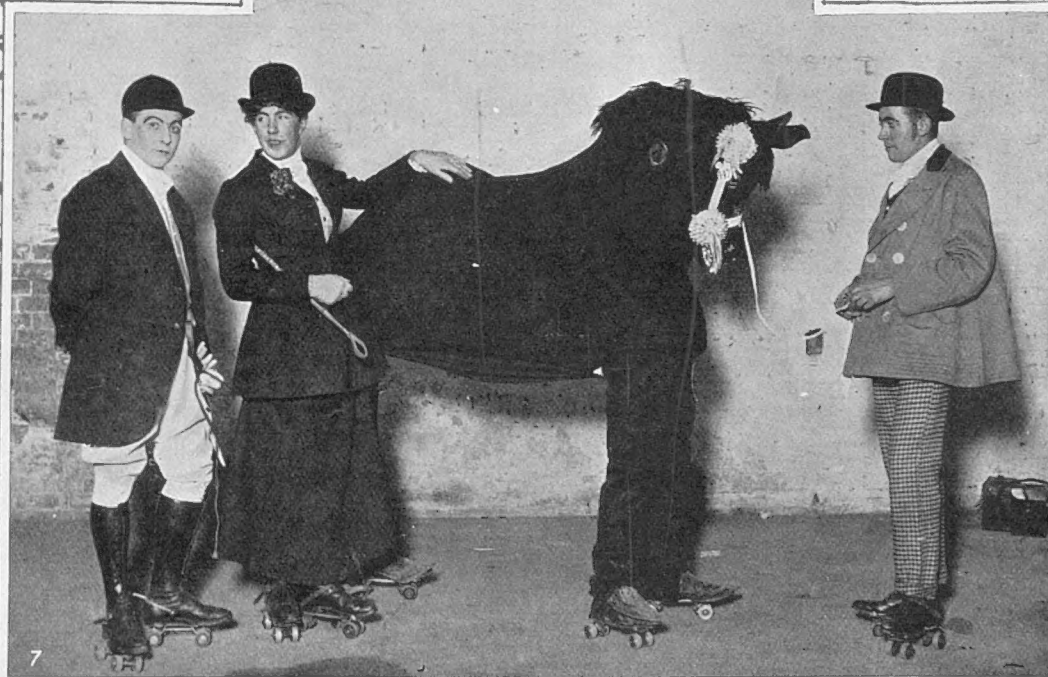
#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. B. is thanked for her brief note. (1) Yes, the man in the scarf was trying to play off the confidence-trick on your poor old "Chicot." (2) Yes, it sometimes happens that there are mistakes made in criticisms of plays, but not often. (3) No, I am afraid I cannot gratify your desire for a "real conversation" among the critics between the acts. It would hardly be playing the game. Besides, I have not been to a first-night for more than two years. (4) No, I should not say that journalists were commercially-minded. If they were, they would not be journalists. (5) Very many thanks for your kind welcome home.



## WE DID MAKE THE NIGHT LIGHT WITH RINKING:

FANCY DRESS FOR SKATERS: NOVEL AND INGENIOUS COSTUMES AT A CARNIVAL.



1. ATLAS BEARING THE WORLD UPON HIS SHOULDERS.
2. CHANTECLER AND THE HEN PHEASANT (MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AS THE HEN PHEASANT).
3. "OUR MISS GIBBS" IN THE MOON SONG.

4. ANOTHER CHANTECLER.
5. THE LILIPUTIAN AND THE BROBDINGNAGIAN.
6. THE BLUE BIRD.
7. "THE WHIP."

We illustrate some of the most ingenious costumes seen recently at a great skating carnival. It is usual, of course, for competitors at such events to take exceptional pains to be original and topical, but it is seldom indeed that one occasion brings forth so many interesting costumes.

Photographs by Bolak and Halftones.



## A CHANTECLER PARASOL; INHALING—POUR CHANTER CLAIREMENT!



BETTER OR WORSE THAN THE MATINÉE HAT? THE AIGRETTE BONNET FOR EVENING WEAR.

Bonnets of this type are much favoured in Berlin just now, and are to be seen crowning many a fair diner in the smart restaurants. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the playgoers, that the vogue will not spread to any extent in the theatre.

*Photograph by Gerlach.*



INCONSISTENT! CHANTECLER IN LEAGUE AGAINST THE SUN—CAN IT BE REVENGE?

It is curious that Chantecler should find himself on a sunshade, for, until he was enlightened, did he not believe that the sun could rise only in obedience to his crowing? Possibly this is his revenge.

*Photograph by Bolak.*

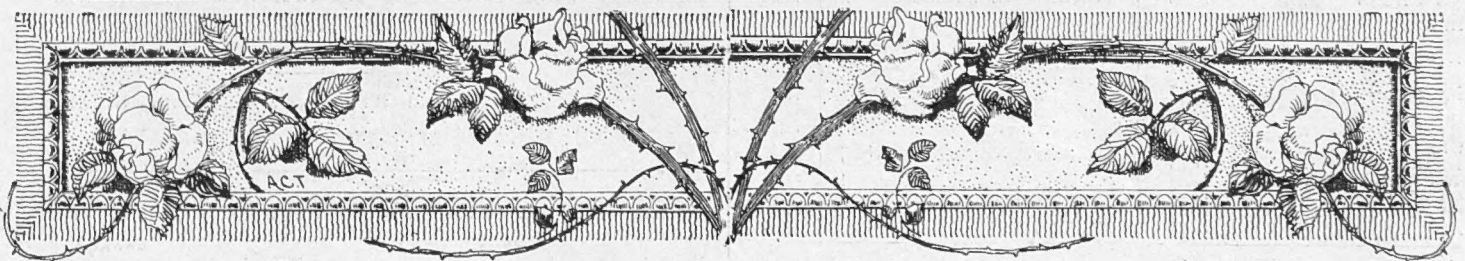
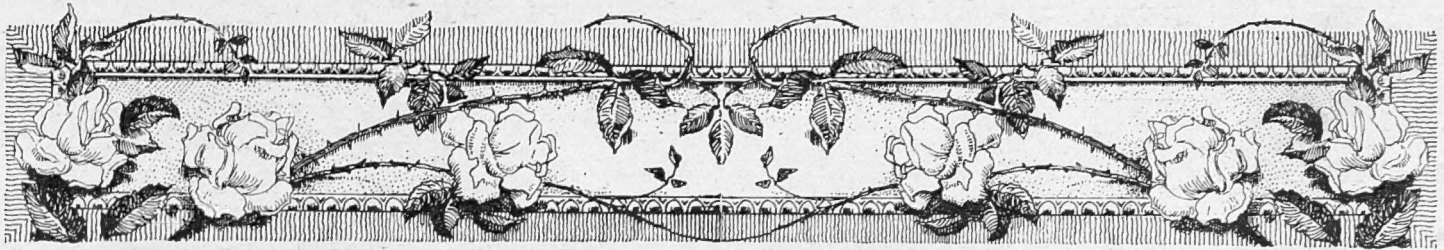


A THROAT HOSPITAL IN A THEATRE: CHORUS LADIES OF "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER" TAKING INHALATION IN AN INTERVAL DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

It is a little curious that on the very day of the production of "The Climax," in which throat-spraying by the vocalist-heroine plays a prominent part, we should have received this photograph of American ladies of the chorus inhaling in the first throat hospital ever put into a theatre—namely, that introduced into the Casino, New York, for the chorus of "The Chocolate Soldier." This hospital is under the direction of a well-known throat specialist. It may be worth while recalling the fact that "The Chocolate Soldier" is the musical-comedy version of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man."—[Photograph by Bolak.]



## THE CAUSE OF THE ABANDONMENT OF THE SEA-GOING THEATRE.



## THE HUMAN ELEMENT THE ELEMENTS DEFEATED: MISS MARIE DORO.

"The Climax," which was produced at the Comedy on Saturday last, was to have inaugurated the Sea-going Theatre, and to have been played aboard the "Mauretania" by Miss Marie Doro and the company of three who are appearing in it here. Unfortunately, although the human element was willing, the elements forbade; the sea was unruly and unrulled, and the illness of Miss Doro caused the abandonment of the project. It may be recalled that the young American actress was first seen on the London stage five years ago, when she played Lucy Sheridan, in "The Dictator," with William Collier. Later she played Clarice in "Clarice" at the Duke of York's, and Alice Faulkner in the revival of "Sherlock Holmes" at the same theatre.—(Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.)



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LONDON BRIDGE ...	10 50	EASTBOURNE ...	10 25
	11 17	MARGATE SANDS ...	11 5
†NEW CROSS ...	11 0	RAMSGATE TOWN ...	11 15
EAST CROYDON ...	10 25	CANTERBURY WEST ...	11 55
RED HILL ...	10 48	CANTERBURY SOUTH ...	12 2
EDENBRIDGE ...	11 8	DOVER TOWN ...	12 20
PENSHURST ...	11 18	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ...	12 11
TONBRIDGE ...	11 35		12 30
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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.  
 Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
 Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,  
 and be fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand  
 words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
 and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general  
 articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether  
 (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been  
 sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
 With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No  
 published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made  
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 carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print  
 must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and  
 Foreign—are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes,  
 buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used.  
 Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints  
 of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
 the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected  
 contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not  
 accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
 destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings,  
 paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely  
 to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,  
 the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does  
 an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"  
 nor has it ever done so.

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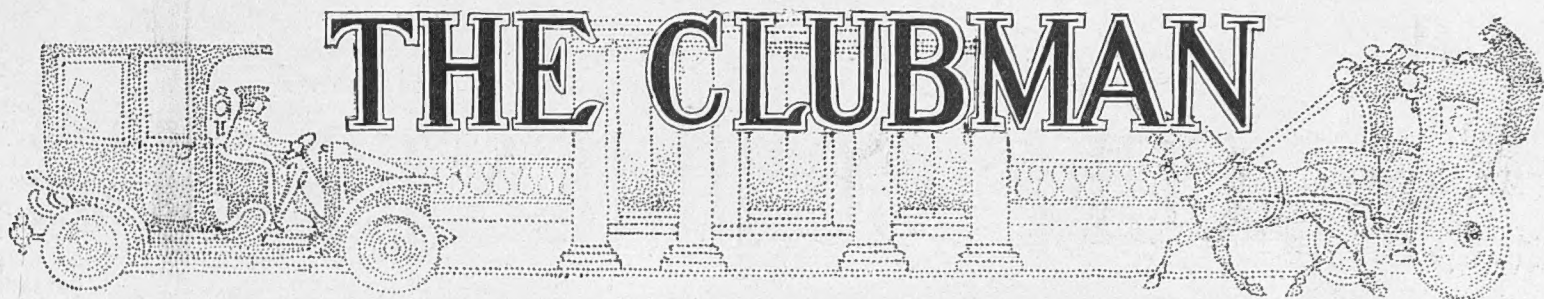
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**The Egyptian Murder.**

Whenever some fanatic murders a high official, everybody, after the event, seems to know that the murderer was mad, and was just the type of man who would kill, just as a mad dog bites. The man who assassinated Boutros Pasha was in many respects like the usual Indian murderer who kills a blameless official. He had been to London and Geneva, which are the two principal capitals where crack-brained young men are inoculated with the virus of political murder. He had failed in a University examination, and he killed the most prominent man he could come near, as a revenge on the world for having treated him badly. Boutros was the first native Minister of Egypt. Two men before him attained high office, but both were unfortunate. One was imprisoned and murdered by his brother's orders, and the second was Arabi Pasha, who stirred up a little war against Great Britain, broke his heart in captivity in Ceylon, and now lives in Egypt, counselling his fellow-countrymen not to kick against the pricks of British government.

**Over-Education.** It seems strange that civilised nations cannot treat the type of probable murderer—who is becoming, unfortunately, a familiar figure in the East—as one treats a dog suspected of hydrophobia. If any young man who buys pistols and raves against the Government which cannot find employment for him could be watched by the police, and, if necessary, confined or deported, crimes could often be prevented. Of course, there would be an outcry that this was an interference with the liberty of the subject. I have no doubt that a dog foaming at the mouth thinks it very unfair that he should be tied up; but just as we have stamped out hydrophobia in England by irksome preventive measures, so it must be possible in India and Egypt to stamp out this madness of murder. Too much education has been a curse to the East. In India there are thousands of young men who have qualified at the Universities in that country, but for whom there are no vacancies in Government departments. Each one of these young men has a grievance against the Government and its officers, because he has spent money to become fitted for a Government billet, and there is no Government billet for him. They drift into all kinds of employment—gardeners and tutors and clerks in shops—and they are ready to join any movement which may lead to a general upset and put them in the place of their more fortunate brethren. The Easterner who has spent money on his education and has failed to pass the examinations is even more dangerous. He it is whom those dark criminals behind the scenes find a suitable tool when a murder is to be committed.



NOT AS CERTAIN OF HIS FOOTING AS THE REAL GERMAN EMPEROR: A KAISER OF A SKATING CARNIVAL. The dresses seen at the average big skating carnival usually include many that are most ingenious. Generally speaking, however, it is seldom that a competitor wears a costume so correct in detail as that donned by the skater representing the Kaiser whose portrait is here given.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Honour to Old Volunteers. His Majesty the King is doing a most gracious act in letting it be known that he wishes to receive at a Levée any officers of Volunteers who joined in the years 1859 or 1860. This will give great pleasure to some gentlemen



MR. PELISSIER TRANSLATED: THE CHIEF OF THE FOLLIES IS COCKY. It is more than possible that Mr. Pelissier will put "Chantecler," but at the moment no date for production has been fixed. Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

who did their duty and served their country at a time when the Volunteers were not petted as our Territorials now are. It may be hoped that his Majesty each year may receive other old Volunteer officers of special years at a Levée, and that gradually all the veterans who wore swords in those rather dark years when no man had much to say in favour of our citizen soldiers may make their bows to his Majesty. Of course the years when there was a fear of invasion are the years when the patriotism of the Volunteer officers shone most brightly; but they were equally entitled to honour for the long, weary months when they drilled their men, though seeing no real chance of ever leading them into battle.

**Gales.** During the storms of last week every man had some uncomfortable experience to tell to the other members of his club. One veteran of my acquaintance was in an omnibus which was blown over, and he said that he never before cut quite such a ridiculous figure as he did when he crawled out through a window. Slates flying about like boomerangs, telephone-wires curling along the streets like the tentacles of octopi, trees torn out of the ground, panes of glass blown into rooms, were some of the common incidents of the mighty gales. But men who have not been in countries near the Equator do not really know what a big blow means.

**A Typhoon.** I went through two typhoons in China, experiencing one at sea and the other on land, and I do not know which I liked the less. I was on board an old ship before she was docked for repair, many years ago, into a bad

P. and O. making her last voyage before she was docked for repair, many years ago, into a bad typhoon just outside the eastern entrance to the Inland Sea. We had stopped twice on the voyage from China for minor repairs to be made to the engines, and though none of us said much about it, we all wondered what would happen if we had to stop a third time while the typhoon was at its worst. Nothing so unlucky as this happened, but for hours we were thrown about like a cork, huge waves coming up at us in succession. Every time that a mass of water seemed about to fall right on to us, the steersman on the bridge shifted his wheel a little, and the ship went sideways up the great wall of waves. Once the man at the wheel was just a second too late, and some tons of black water crashed on to the ship, carrying away boats and part of the officers' cabins and the cattle-pens. The typhoon on land was at Hong-Kong, when any chimney or shutter which was at all shaky was sent flying like a leaf, when the debris of wrecked sampans was driven far up the side-streets, and when a sailing-ship dragged her anchors and came over the sea-wall. There was not so much personal danger in the second experience, but there was the harrowing feeling that lives were being lost every second that the great wind blew. One incident I shall never forget was, after the storm had abated, walking down the road by the harbour, and stirring with my foot a little bundle of rags amidst the wreckage. The bundle rolled over, and I saw it was a little drowned Chinese baby!



A CHIEF OF THE COCAFA TRIBE, WHO WISHES TO WRESTLE HACKENSCHMIDT: JOHN MIDDLESKY, OF ARIZONA.

John Middlesky is to challenge wrestlers in general and Hackenschmidt in particular. He is 27 years of age, and stands 6 ft. 7 in. in height. His chest-measurement is 57 in., waist 51 in., thigh 23 in., calf 19 in., biceps 19 in., forearm 16 in., wrist 8½ in., neck 22 in., and reach 7 ft. 4 in.—[Photograph by Advance Co.]



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

AFTER an exhaustive study of the subject, the Kaiser has ordered as many officers of the German Army as possible to learn to fly. The stouter ones are in for a perfectly ripping time.

A new and peaceful employment has been found for old ironclads. The Tsar has presented King Ferdinand of Bulgaria with a few he has no further use for, and Ferdinand is so delighted that he has decided to embrace the Orthodox religion. These missionary battle-ships should rejoice the peace party.

Mr. Curtis Guild junior, speaking of Mr. J. P. Morgan and his railway officials, says: "Both these men, and others of their kind, are really but hired megaphones through which a beefy, thick-necked financial bully, drunk with wealth and power, bawls his orders to Stock Markets, directors, Courts, Governments, and nations." For really polished courtesy the most gentlemanly of our politicians is not in the same field with these Americans.



Oberammergau Passion Play." This adds greatly to the gaiety of nations.

Mr. Roosevelt, says the reporter, has almost finished his Romanes Lecture, which he is to deliver at Oxford, and which "naturally will contain little, if any, reference to recent experiences in Africa." Why, naturally? It will be most unnatural if the lecture does not contain some little references to "when I was shooting in Central Africa—"

The Golden Hen which laid 517 eggs in less than three years must be the sister of "Chantecler," which is also laying golden eggs in Paris.

The Kildonan Castle is bringing over a hundred thousand pounds' worth of ostrich-feathers to England. They will just be in time to be worked into the new "Chantecler" frocks.

The traveller supposed to be Dr. Cook has arrived at Santiago de Chili, but obstinately refuses to see the reporters. That settles it. He is not Dr. Cook.



THE MODERN DICK TURPIN.  
(A thirteen-year-old boy was found crying in the streets of Glasgow with an electric lamp and £30 in his pockets. He had left home to start on the career of a highwayman.)

The modern Dick Turpin stands revealed

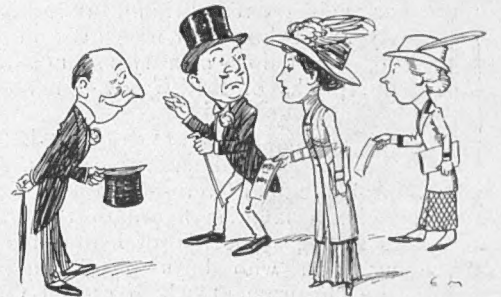
As a child of tender years,  
In his pockets he bears an electric torch,  
And his chief defence is tears.  
His capital fund is thirty pounds,  
To purchase his stock-in-trade;  
But his heart's in his boots when he takes to the road  
As a highwayman undismayed.

The modern Dick Turpin stands revealed

As a muddle of foolishness;  
He is much too young, and he's much too soft,  
And he doesn't bestride Black Bess.  
The gold may pass, if it isn't his own,  
Though it doesn't amount to much;  
But electric light for a bull's-eye lamp—  
Oh, that is the finishing touch!

"There is not a man in America whose vote cannot be bought for a kiss," says the leader of the New York Suffragettes. She will have to select her kissing Suffragettes very carefully.

Anyhow, here is a hint for our own Suffragettes. They say that the new Parliament is better-looking and better-dressed than the late one.

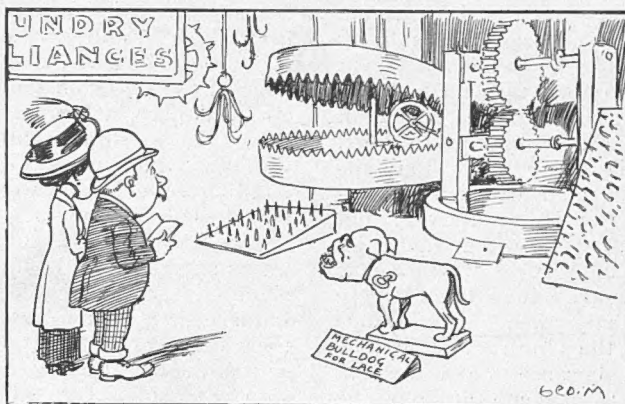


## A LAUNDRY EXHIBITION.

(In April next, an exhibition of the appliances, machinery, and methods adopted in modern wash-houses will be held at the Agricultural Hall.)

Come, let us look at each vile appliance,  
The hoes and harrows, the spuds and rakes,  
In which the washer-fiend puts reliance  
To tear the fronts of our shirts to flakes.  
Let us examine the mailyfistic  
Tools which pulp them and pound them small,  
All on view in a realistic  
Way at the Agricultural Hall.

The irons that rip and the wheels that mangle,  
The saws that jag and the files that grate,  
The cogs that twist in a hopeless tangle,  
And send things home in a parlous state,  
The soap whose touch means dilapidation,  
Machines that mash and machines that maul,  
Will shortly be, for our information,  
Shown at the Agricultural Hall.



Dr. Bode, of Berlin, now admits that it is just possible that the famous bust of Flora is not the work of Leonardo da Vinci. The Kaiser will now admit that it is just possible that he never gave Dr. Bode a decoration on his last birthday.

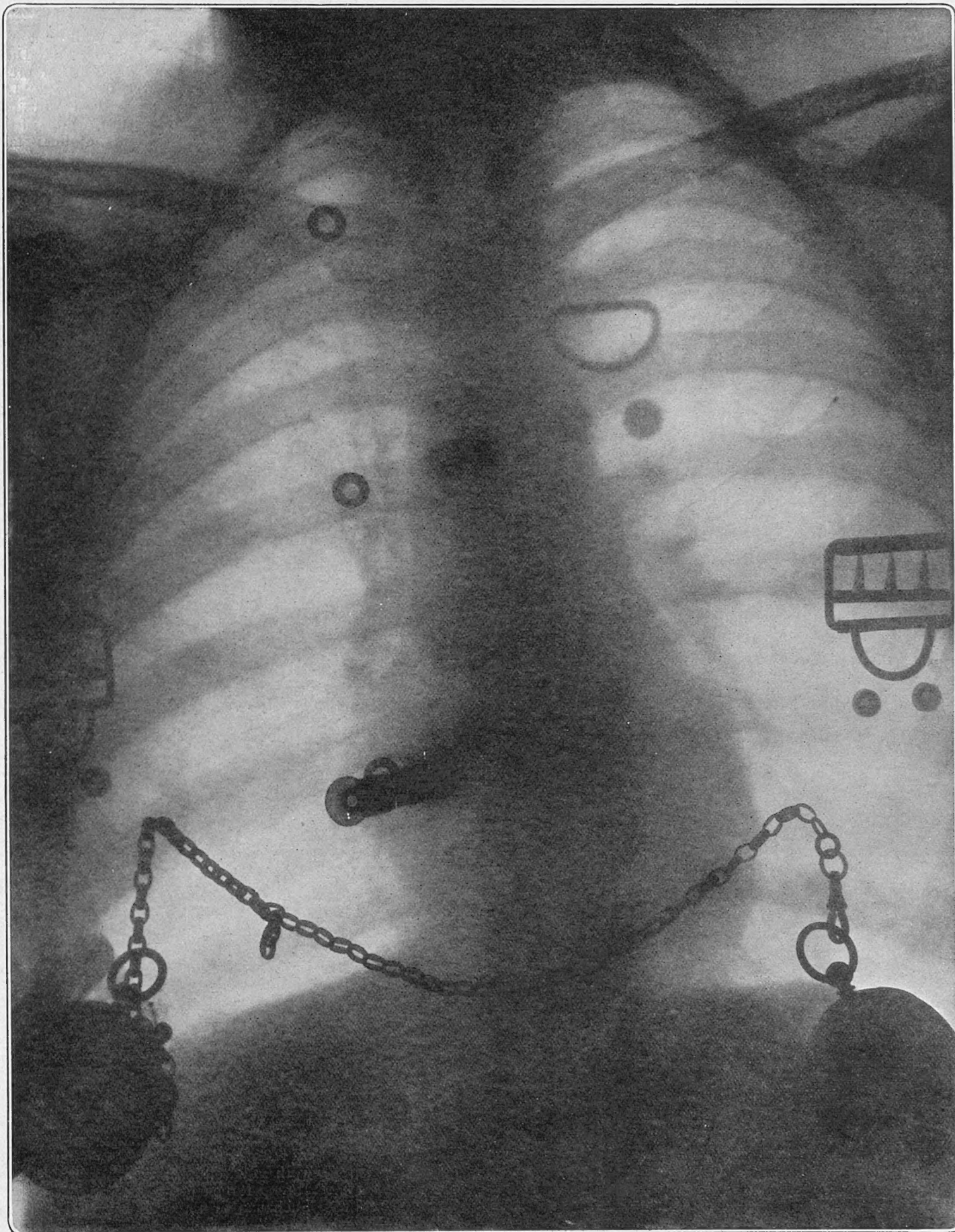
Pony-skin boots, we are told, are attracting the attention of motorists. This is adding insult to injury. First the motorist disestablishes the horse, and then tramples on his skin.

The composition of a comet's tail has always been a matter of the most intense curiosity. Professor Turner says that it would seem "to be similar to some substance which is present in a tube which has contained hydrogen when the hydrogen is extracted." So now we know what we are going to breathe on the night of May 18 next.





## A FULLY DRESSED MAN!



## BY SNOOK'S APPARATUS: AN INSTANTANEOUS RÖNTGENOGRAM OF A FULLY CLOTHED MAN.

In the early days of the X-ray, there were those who prophesied that operators would soon be able to get away from the necessity of developing a plate in a dark-room, and have at their disposal an apparatus which would reveal the skeleton, foreign matters in the body, and so on, instantaneously. At the time this was looked upon as a very wide statement. It was not long, however, before there actually came into being the fluorescent screen. Now it is possible to take instantaneous Röntgenograms. The particular photograph here given shows, as we have noted, a fully clothed man. It was taken by Dr. Thurstan Holland, of the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, by a single flash from a Snook's apparatus. The reader will see the shadows of the metal parts of buttons on the clothing, the buckles of the braces, studs, a tie-clip, and a chain with two watches.

*Reproduced from "Archives of the Röntgen Ray," by Courtesy of the Editor.*



# SMALL TALK

MAJOR Alexander Victor Russell, who has been received by the King on his appointment as Military Attaché in Berlin, is about to take up his quarters in a city with which his father, the late Lord Amphill, was on particularly good terms. Lord Odo Russell, as he was at the time, added a word to the dictionary. Being in diplomacy when the telegraph was first used officially, he invented the word "telegram." "I believe it is bad Greek," said Sir H. Drummond Wolff, a little enviously, "but it serves a useful purpose as the abbreviation of the phrase 'telegraphic despatch.'" It may be poor Greek, but it is by now the best of English and German. Major Russell and his twin brother

are godsons of the late Queen; a barrister's gown and a red coat are the distinguishing garbs they have adopted and adorned.

**Absentees.** Three of the guests — Lord Granard, Earl Beauchamp, and Mr. McKenna — went wifeless to a dinner-party at Buckingham Palace last week, and all for the same reason: their three ladies, of course, were happily entertaining tiny guests at home. Last March Lady

Granard was receiving 1500 Liberal friends in Charles Street; this year she has thrown over her Party for one small mortal, who has no politics as yet, and who, even if she were christened Budgetta—a name suggested by one wicked ex-Cabinet Minister — may grow up into an ardent Conservative.

**The Silent Duke.** At no time a great talker, the Duke of Sutherland has been especially silent of late. The doctors say that his throat will recover perfectly if he rests it, and so he and the Duchess sit and listen to the lapping of the Nile against the side of the old-fashioned



A PROBABLE DÉBUTANTE OF THE SEASON: THE HON. FRANCES FITZALAN-HOWARD. The Hon. Frances Fitzalan-Howard, who will probably be presented this season, is the only daughter of Lady Howard of Glossop, one of the handsomest women in Society. Lady Howard of Glossop is Lord Howard's second wife. She is not very strong, but hopes to take out her daughter.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



MOST POPULAR IN SOCIETY: LADY KINLOCH COOKE.

Lady Kinloch Cooke is to be seen at many of the season's functions. She is the daughter of the late Rev. John Launcelot Errington. Her husband, Sir Clement Kinloch Cooke, is a well-known writer on Foreign and Colonial affairs.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

dahabieh in which they are passing part of their well-earned holiday. Had they been in London, Stafford House would have resounded with another music last week in commemoration of the centenary of Chopin's birth. It was at Stafford House that he performed before Queen Victoria. Describing the occasion, Chopin himself wrote: "It was a small party of eighty. Her Majesty spoke to me most graciously, and I have been introduced to a number of ladies, whose names I forget as soon as I learn them." But that his lodging in Dover Street cost him ten guineas a week he remembered to the end of his life.



WIFE OF THE NEW ASSISTANT P.-M.-G.: MRS. CECIL NORTON.

Mrs. Cecil Norton's husband is the new Assistant Postmaster-General. She is the sister of Sir Charles Huntington, of The Clock House, Chelsea. Captain Cecil Norton was a double prizeman at Sandhurst, and served in the 5th Royal Irish Lancers. Mrs. Norton is well known in London society. Her husband has been eight years in Parliament.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



WIFE OF A NEWLY APPOINTED JUNIOR LORD OF THE TREASURY: MRS. SOARES.

Mrs. Soares, the wife of a newly appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury, is the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Lord. She married Mr. Soares seventeen years ago, and they have one daughter. Her husband has represented the Barnstaple division of Devonshire for ten years.

Photograph by Thomson.

**"Business Ladies."** Hats will pay when even old furniture and bric-à-brac will not. While Lady Auckland has retired from the commerce of Baker Street, Lady Duff Gordon flourishes more and more in her pretty corner premises in Hanover Square. "Lucile," as she is called when she is a "business lady," has accepted the chairmanship of the committee responsible for the dress tableaux in the Japan-British Exhibition. Since the romantic and lovely Countess Fabricotti has put up her shutters and put on her own stock-in-trade with wonderful effect, "Lucile" is pre-eminent among aristocratic milliners, and she will doubtless do her Exhibition work extremely well.

**A Visitor.** Lady Dudley's presence constitutes a charming and almost unexpected incident in the year's social round. Lady Dudley will not present her daughter, Lady Honor Ward, at Court this season, as has been stated in the newspapers; but Lady Dudley is an event in herself. It is probable that she will take back to Australia her four-year-old twins; for that continent has proved an excellent class-room and playground for her children. And she is proving every day that you lose neither your friends' zest for you, nor yours for them, by absence for a while on the other side of the world.

**At Kinnaird Castle.** Lord Southesk has poetry in his blood, as well as priceless Shakespeare folios in his library at Kinnaird Castle. His father, the ninth Earl, was the anonymous author of "Jonas Fisher," a poem of some two hundred pages. "It is said to be the work of either Mr. Robert Buchanan or the Devil," said the *Examiner* at the time; whereupon Mr. Buchanan brought a libel action and was awarded £150 damages, Lord Southesk having stated in the witness-box that he himself was the author. The Shakespeare folios, by the way, are but one of many features of Kinnaird, the Forfarshire home of the Earls of Southesk. The walled park—walled, mark you—is about 1300 acres, and contains deer to the number of five hundred.



MARRIED TO MISS IRENE DESMOND (MISS PIX) THE OTHER DAY: SIR RICHARD W. LEVINGE, BT.

Miss Desmond is well known on the musical-comedy stage, and appeared in "The Merry Widow," "The Belle of Mayfair," and "Les Merveilleuses." Sir Richard W. Levinge, of Knockdrin Castle, Mullingar, is the tenth Baronet.

Photograph by Lafayette.

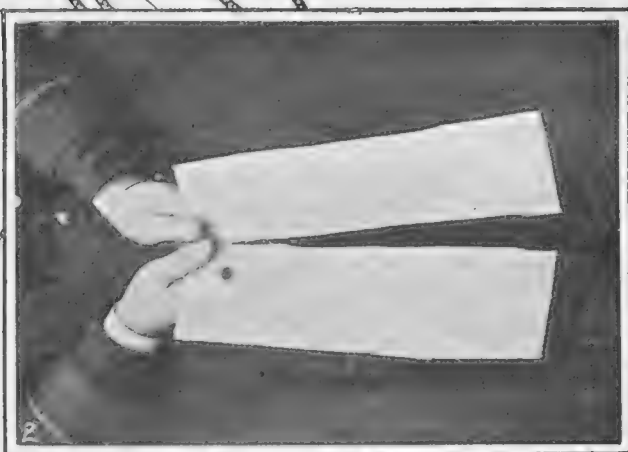


ENGAGED TO THE HON. RUPERT DRUMMOND, R.N.: MISS EVELYN BUTLER.

Miss Butler has been much admired since her début. Her father, Lord Arthur Butler, is brother and heir-presumptive to the Marquess of Ormonde. Lady Arthur Butler is an American who is very popular in English society. Lieutenant Drummond is half-brother to the Earl of Perth. [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



# THE SILANT WONDER OF THE NIGHT : SPLITTING WOOD WITH A WHIP. AND OTHER REMARKABLE FEATS.



1. THE MAN WHO SPLITS WOOD WITH A LASH OF THE WHIP, AND PERFORMS OTHER REMARKABLE FEATS : MR. JEFFERY SILANT TWIRLING THE LASH OF HIS STOCK-WHIP ROUND A LADY'S NECK WITHOUT HURTING HER.
2. A PIECE OF BOARD CUT IN TWO WITH THE LASH OF A THIRTY-FOOT STOCK-WHIP WHIRLED TWENTY FEET AWAY.
3. A WHISKY - BOTTLE BROKEN WITH THE LASH WHILE HELD BY A LADY FIFTEEN FEET FROM MR. SILANT.
4. HANDCUFFING A LADY WITH THE LASH OF THE WHIP WHILE TWENTY FEET AWAY.
5. AN APPLE ON A LADY'S HAND CUT IN TWO BY THE LASH.
6. THE ACE KIP OF A CARD CUT BY THE LASH.
7. A HOLE CUT THROUGH THE BRIM OF A THICK FELT HAT BY THE LASH.

Mr. Jeffery Silant, an Australian bushman, is appearing at the Palace and exhibiting there his mastery over a thirty-foot stock-whip. Some of the feats he performs are illustrated on this page. With regard to the last subject, it should be said that the hole was cut through the brim of the hat by accident, while Mr. Silant was practising. It will be noticed that the end of the lash broke off and remained in the felt.—[Photographs by Ha'fstones.]



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE King and Queen are particularly interested in the Acheson-Carter engagement, one of the more agreeable of the topics that filled the gaps during the rather dragging formalities of the Opening of Parliament. Lady Gosford, as Lady-in-Waiting, had the Cullinan Diamond on her mind so long as it remained on the Queen's breast; but she also had time to discuss a question very near her own heart—her son's engagement. Lord Gosford, busy, too, as the Vice-Chamberlain, with his sister-in-law, who is a Bedchamber Woman, and Lady Dudley, as well as that most popular Equerry, the Hon. John Ward, were all equally concerned in the ceremonial and the good news. The ramifications of the family ties that Miss Mildred Carter forms on her alliance with Lord Acheson are complicated enough to entangle the calculations of a Senior Wrangler. But the most obvious and most pleasant of her new relationships will be that with her kind host and hostess of Dorchester House, whose daughter, like Lord Acheson's sister, married one of Lord Dudley's brothers.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF ONE OF THE QUEEN'S MAIDS-OF-HONOUR: THE HON. SYLVIA EDWARDES AND COUNT GLEICHEN, WHO ARE TO MARRY. The Hon. Sylvia Edwardes was Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria, and was one of the four ladies first appointed to the same position in Queen Alexandra's Household. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Henry Edwardes, who was Secretary to H. M. Embassy at Rome. Her courtesy title is derived from her appointment, and is for life. Colonel Count Gleichen is a distant relative of the King, being the only son of the late Admiral Prince Victor of Hohenlohe. His career as a soldier is one of much distinction. He won his D.S.O. in South Africa, where he was severely wounded. He is Extra Equerry to His Majesty.—[Photographs by Beresford and Lafayette.]

This connection with the Dudleys through the husband of her best friend is simple enough, and Miss Carter is already mastering the matrimonial maze through which she must go to discover her exact relationship with the families of the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, and any number of other people whom she will be constantly encountering when she settles in London. Mr. Ridgely Carter, by the way, has been staying in Chesham Street, prior to his departure for Bucharest.

## The American Invasion.

One argument ready to hand for the Upper Housebreakers is accentuated by the announcement of a second Anglo-American engagement within a few days of the news of the Drexel-Maidstone alliance. In the next generation the Peerage will be so largely American, on the mother's side, that the true-born Englishman may discover new grievances against the Hereditary Chamber. We have grown so used to these matches that will strike anywhere—in America, and especially on the ribbed edge of the American dollar, that we never stop to tot up the totals. It will be amusing for the genealogists of the future to trace the line of the British aristocracy back into the antiquity of the United States.

*A Queen's Preference.* The Queen has been seen daily driving in town of late, and her serene but brisk progress behind a pair of most engaging animals may yet set a fashion unfavourable to the motor-car for the

formal outings of the afternoon. The Queen draws a very strict line between the occasions suitable for a car and for a carriage, and not until the King goes to open Parliament in a Daimler and a bowler, she is reported to have said, will she relax the etiquette of locomotion in London. And the Princess of Wales, while in town, prefers her carriage to her car. The Queen's care for all details of the appearance and welfare of her horses is well known. When a group of Canadian ladies sought to express their admiration by presenting to her a splendid pair of Colonial animals, their intention was sadly marred by the expert into whose charge they were committed for delivery. He, it seems, was all for tail-docking—a fashion which Queen Alexandra has made a vow to discountenance.

*Loyal Shamrock.* The Princess of Wales, when she attends the Royal Irish Industries Sale on St. Patrick's Day at Grosvenor House, will be continuing the campaign of conciliation started by Queen Victoria. Shamrock, now that it is

distributed to the Irish Guards by royal command, now that it decorates the royal dinner-table and the royal button-hole, is entirely robbed of its old-time slightly rebellious significance.

"You must be very sure of the affection of your people to let them sing such songs to you," said the Queen of Roumania when Queen Victoria asked an Irishwoman to sing "The Wearing of the Green" and to give full expression to its emotional character. But that was the Queen's way of making sure, rather than of being sure, of her subjects.

*Magistrates.* Lord James of Hereford, who is presiding to day over the Commission on the selection of Justices of the Peace, quoted the first Duke of Wellington on the same question last week. He might also have quoted the second Duke, for Lady Dorothy Nevill tells how she had asked his Grace to interest himself in the case of a relative of hers who wished to serve as a magistrate. This is the reply she received: "Dear Lady D.—The job is done; God forgive me!—Yours, W."

*Prince Henry's Ambition.* Prince Henry of Prussia, who last week exchanged the magnificence of Buckingham

Palace for Hans Crescent, may well have an eye on the King's Royal Ulster Yacht Club Cup. When Queen Victoria made a similar present thirteen years ago, it was promptly "lifted" by the Kaiser; and it is said that Prince Henry, the cleverest of all royal sailors, has a special ambition to win the Cup which was promised to Belfast during his sojourn in London.



TO MARRY MR. GRANVILLE K. F. SMITH TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): LADY KATHLEEN CLEMENTS

Lady Kathleen Clements, whose marriage takes place to-day, is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Leitrim, and of Winifred Countess of Leitrim, sister of the Earl of Leicester. The wedding takes place from the house of the bride's eldest sister, Lady Winifred Renshaw.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



TO MARRY MISS MILDRED RIDGELY CARTER: VISCOUNT ACHESON, ELDER SON OF LORD GOSFORD.

Viscount Acheson, engaged to be married to Miss Mildred Ridgely Carter, is the elder son of Earl and Countess Gosford. He was in the Coldstreams, served in South Africa, and was wounded at Modder River. He ran up the Union Jack at Bloemfontein when the State was annexed. His father is the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain, and his mother one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting. He is grandson to Louise Duchess of Devonshire.

Photograph by Langflier.



TO MARRY LADY KATHLEEN CLEMENTS TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MR. GRANVILLE K. F. SMITH. Mr. Granville K. F. Smith is in the Coldstream Guards. He is the son of Colonel Granville Roland Francis Smith, Coldstream Guards, of Duffield Hall, Derby, and of Lady Blanche Smith, sister of the Earl of Kintore.

Photograph by Lafayette.





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



**SLEIGHING IN MID-AIR: A REMARKABLE JUMP ON A BOBSLEIGH.**

Our photograph illustrates perhaps the most remarkable bobsleigh jump of the Week of Winter Sports which took place recently in the Pyrenees under the auspices of the Alpine Club. The meeting was most successful, despite the fact that the Paris floods prevented a good many people getting there.



**ADVERTISING THE "ET-CETERAS" FOR OTHERS OF THEIR KIND: DOGS DRAWING A PLACARD.**

We illustrate an ingenious method of advertising practised in Germany by a provider of "sundries" for dogs. Needless to say, the team attached to the little carriage bearing the advertisement has aroused much attention, no doubt greatly to the benefit of the team's enterprising master.—[Photograph by Haeckel.]



**AS SOME PEOPLE EXPECTED TO SEE HALLEY'S COMET: A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A PROCESSION.**

The photograph is of a torchlight procession, and the streaks of light represent, of course, the moving flares.—[Photograph by Roberts.]



**ANIMALS WHO PLAY ON THE TOP OF THEIR "CAGE": CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS.**

The goats, which are the only herd of their kind in captivity, are in the New York "Zoo." They spend much of their time climbing up and down and about the roof of their "cage," which was specially built for the purpose.

Photograph by Beasley.



**IN THE MESSENGER GIRLS' "HIVE": THE BUSY BEES AT WORK.**

Rumour has it that the messenger boy when not professionally engaged spends his time reading "shockers" of more or less merit. The messenger girl is more domesticated. Indeed, at the Buckingham Street office she darns socks and stockings between the intervals of work.

Photograph by Barratt.



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## The Repertory Theatre.

Mr. Frohman has begun his repertory system bravely, and, I think, wisely. Moreover, he shows the true idea in that several of the members of the "Justice" cast appeared in "Misalliance," and Miss Lena Ashwell accepted a secondary part in the latter.



THE AUTHOR OF A "BAL-LAD OF READING GAOL" OF THE STAGE: MR. JOHN GALS-WORTHY, WHOSE "JUSTICE" HAS BEEN PRODUCED AT THE REPERTORY THEATRE.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

Edmund Gwenn delighted the house by his admirable presentation of the kindly old clerk. Miss Edyth Olive realised the unhappy heroine quite beautifully and with great reticence. Mr. Dion Bouci-cault played the Judge perhaps even better than some now on the Bench. And there were others for praise who cannot be mentioned individually — Messrs. S. Valentine, Charles Maude, G. Hersee, C. Bryant, F. Lloyd, and Robert Pateman.

"Misalliance." What a change from "Justice" to "Misalliance"—from the severe tragedy to the mad farce in which Mr. Shaw, "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own" wit, made furious fun of many matters. The things in common between the two are brain-power and courage, the differences too many for discussion, the chief being that one has sobriety almost to excess, the other none at all. Yet both writers are in earnest. To Mr. Shaw one may apply the phrase, *castigat ridendo*; Mr. Galsworthy purifies by tears. Once more there is a little excess of length, yet there are few individual passages that I would spare. Like the French, who administer indigestible things *pour activer la digestion*, Mr. Shaw hurls wrath-exciting phrases at the audience to stir them into thinking, leaving them uncertain which they are to take as mere jests, which as truths; and he clothes them all with his irresistible wit. No doubt some people could help laughing, and did: he was at a new joke before they had caught its predecessor: but on the whole a good percentage of the jests were understood and laughed at; some of them even roared at. For this topsy-turvy farce is vastly amusing, and the quaint people in it are very droll and capitally

represented. The hit was made by Mr. Heggie as a young clerk who spouted wild nonsense, some of it overlying stern truth: he acted a difficult part very cleverly and effectively. Miss Miriam Lewes represented one of the worst of Mr. Shaw's shrews brilliantly. Miss Lena Ashwell played with much quiet, dignified humour the part of a female juggler. Mr. C. M. Lowne gave an admirable picture of a merry old soul; and the others—Messrs. Bryant, Calthrop, and F. Lloyd, and Miss Florence Haydon—were excellent.

## "The Tenth Man."

"The Tenth Man" may be rather a check on the triumphant career of Mr. Maugham. The effective scene and powerful acting of Mr. Arthur Bouchier at the close of the last act hardly make amends for a rather painful, scarcely plausible story about unlikelike people; and in almost abandoning his gift for writing witty dialogue the author has been unwise. The acting of Mr. Bouchier really is quite startling in its intensity. He goes one better than in his similar part in "Samson," and shows some genuine *abandon*. Indeed, his picture of the vulgar rogue nearly redeems the play: it quite overshadows the work of his fellow-players, though there were clever people among them who did their best.



MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S NEW PLAY AT THE GLOBE: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS GEORGE WINTER, M.P. FOR MIDDLEPOOL, IN "THE TENTH MAN."

Photograph by Allen and Sons.

## Four Shows.

Many other things have been happening in the theatres, and their compression into one short paragraph is a little unjust, but inevitable. "The Balkan Princess," for instance, actually is a musical comedy, which shows signs of the application of intelligence to its construction, and its humour shows distinct cleverness. It has the advantage of being played by people who really act and sing, such as Miss Isabel Jay and Mr. Bertram Wallis: and by really funny humourists like Mr. Lauri de Frece and Mr. James Blakeley. Nor can "The Marriage of Columbine," which "the Playactors" produced at the Court Theatre, be passed in silence, for its author, Mr. Harold Chapin, is one of the truly valuable discoveries which it is the object of such societies as "the Playactors" to make. There is a little uncertainty in the handling of the theme, a little confusion of the distinction between comedy and farce; but on the whole Mr. Chapin tells his story with a touch of rare delicacy and singular beauty. He also has a quite exceptional gift of humour, and was rewarded by seeing his play brilliantly acted, particularly by Miss Sybil Thorndike, Miss Agnes Thomas, Mr. A. S. Homewood, and Mr. Ernest Young. Then there is Mr. Arthur Phillips' excellent Shakespearean enterprise at the Court, beginning with a very pleasant and praiseworthy rendering of "The Merchant of Venice"; and Cav. Grasso is back again with his impetuous Sicilian Company and a new leading lady, Signorina Bragaglia, who is worthy of the reputation her country has established.



A FAMOUS CAPTAIN HOOK: THE LATE MR. ROBB HARWOOD IN "PETER PAN."

To the great regret of many playgoers and many personal friends, Mr. Robb Harwood died at Newcastle-on-Tyne the other day from an attack of bronchitis. Mr. Harwood, an actor of great resource, originality, and experience, played Captain Hook in "Peter Pan" last year and this year at the Duke of York's and in Paris, and was on tour in it when he died. The son of a well-known actor at Astley's, who afterwards left the arena for the stage, Robb Harwood appeared as a child at the Old Holborn and the Queen's, in Long Acre. In his time he played all manner of parts, and made many successes.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



## Le Bijou a la Mode: LA PLAQUE

*Worn in the Most Attractive Manner: The Plaque  
Hanging from a Band of Pearls.*

In this form especially the new jewels suggest an Order, and a most decorative decoration at that. Possibly, seeing it, some Sovereign (most appropriately, perhaps, an Eastern potentate) will devise a new reward for ladies only, basing it on the plaque, and thus add to the show, the glitter, of his court a bauble that no woman could find it in her heart to refuse.

**THE NEWEST OF NEW JEWELS: THE PLAQUE.**

THE Parisienne, ever as eager as is the less beautiful savage to find something new in the way of personal decoration, has now taken into highest favour plaques of the form here illustrated. These are of many values and of many styles. Some of them are of platinum, some of gold, some few of baser metal. Enamel figures largely upon them, and, in the more costly, precious stones, cut or in the rough, are set. The plaque is worn hanging either from a slender gold chain or from a broad band of pearls, suggesting in the latter case an Order. It is claimed, that, for the time at all events, the new jewel has killed the vogue of the ordinary pendant, and it is possible, even, that it will hold its position in the esteem of the Parisienne, and of the beauties of other lands, longer than does the average fashion. As a further inducement to its adoption, it is pointed out that the new adornment has one especial advantage. Nothing is easier than to turn brooches, buttons, the heads of hat-pins, and so forth, into plaques, and nothing will be easier than to transform the plaques again should these suddenly be set aside.

STRAIGHT FROM PARIS: LUTETIA'S PLATINUM PLAQUES FOR PRETTY PEOPLE!



# GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

## The Theatre Crowd.

You leave the stalls somewhere about ten minutes past eleven. You make your way up the stairs into the vestibule, walking like a cat on hot bricks, anxious above all things not to put your foot on the trains in front of you, and so crinkle at the sound of tearing gathers and at the hot glance of two naturally unkind eyes. You are in a high good temper because the heroine has agreed to throw in her lot with the hero, or because Smith is going to Rhodesia with Robert Loraine, or the O'Flynn is going to retire from brawling, hang up the sword he borrowed from D'Artagnan over his mantelboard, and the cloak he pinched from Cyrano de Bergerac on his bedroom-door, and grow old in the comparative luxury of an Irish castle among endless drinks. Or you come out flattened, sagged, hollow-cheeked, disrespectful, almost anarchical, from Mr. Galsworthy's latest streak of Socialism, which he Fabianly calls "Justice," and about which critics have written what they don't think, and said what they do. At any rate, you come out with both eyes metaphorically fixed upon the Savoy, the Carlton, or—but this entirely depends upon your companion—Oddenino's. At any rate, the next item is to eat. Well, naturally enough—or naturally enough if you are coming out of a theatre in theatreland—you find the vestibule crowded, animated, aglow with the clashing colours of cloaks and hair. Gradually and gradually you ooze down towards the doors. You say to your companion or friend, as the case may be (because it doesn't always follow that a companion is a friend: it may be a mother, or an aunt, or even a wife): "I will get a taxi. Have patience and keep out of the draught." You then pounce upon a commissionaire who is attached to the house as linkman. You tap him on the shoulder and say briefly, "Taxi." And at this point I see that you have joined me. I see your face light up in sympathy and understanding, for you too have heard the commissionaire's reply, "Taxi, Sir? 'Fraid I shan't get a taxi." You too have raised your voice and eyebrows at his murmured suggestion of a four-wheeler. You too have boldly sallied forth into the sleet and have shouted "Hi!" to innumerable and many-coloured taxis, all of which have been bagged. You too have sprinted along Shaftesbury Avenue, with the cold rain on open-work socks, with one eye on the road and one eye on the pavement; and, finally, you too have returned ignominiously to the theatre empty-handed and on foot.

## Taxiless Streets.

Now what I want to know is this. How is it that the nimble taxi, which is always available in the daytime, is so frightfully scarce at night? How is it that the authorities have not realised that there is a theatre-going community which must be carried clean-footed to supper, and

have not arranged for taxis to stand all down the middle of Shaftesbury Avenue and other theatre streets? In growling on this subject I am only doing what hundreds have done already, and hundreds of thousands will do again. It is amazing to me that a place like London, with heaven knows how many quite unnecessary Bumbles, all talking hard in a large building somewhere or other on the Embankment, has not been, as yet, recognised as an inhabited city. It is obvious that these Bumbles—because, presumably, they go to bed early or stay talking late on the Embankment—are totally unaware of the fact that hundreds of people pour nightly out of the theatres round about the same hour, and must have something motor-propelled to take them away. To me it is quite pitiful to see, and infinitely more pitiful to be amongst, a belated crowd waiting irritably on the steps of a theatre long after the lights are turned out, and the actors and actresses have removed sunburn and the warm glow of Number 9, who refuse to risk their lives and damage their patience in the poor old cab, and who cannot for love or money be provided with the only possible means of conveyance. This sort of thing goes a long way towards ruining an evening. Human beings are not and will never be angels. The companion, beautifully frocked and

very sharp set, gradually loses her smile, finds herself left behind, and becomes momentarily more bitter and sarcastic. In Paris all is different. There is no theatre street in that best of all cities. Its theatres are scattered far and wide. Yet it is possible to pick and choose your taxi, however large the crowd. They swarm, they tread upon each other's heels. They are formed up outside theatres in treble rows. Paris is in the heart of civilisation. London, on the other hand, is, in comparison, nothing but a county town County Councillor. It is all behindhand in its conveniences. Londoners have to fight for themselves. Nothing is provided for them. I say, very angrily and with great heat, that this is not as it should be. Why should London wait? Why should we have our enjoyment spoiled, our frocks muddled, our boots bespattered, our suppers made cold and greasy, simply because a body of persons cannot or will not provide for our comfort? London reeks with taxi-cabs, red, green, and yellow. The taxi-cab is a profession, an industry; but for some reason or another it may prowl but it may not stand, except on certain places far away from theatres. I wish I could meet a London County Councillor in the flesh. I would tell him what we all think of his abilities. I would empty my spleen upon him in two languages—that of Mr. Lloyd-George, which is not Welsh, and that of the enthusiastic fellows of the Royal and Ancient Game, which is not Scotch. It would do no good, but it might possibly save me from an illness.



WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY IN EXCELSIS: THE THREE WINNERS OF A COMPETITION FOR THE LONGEST HAIR.

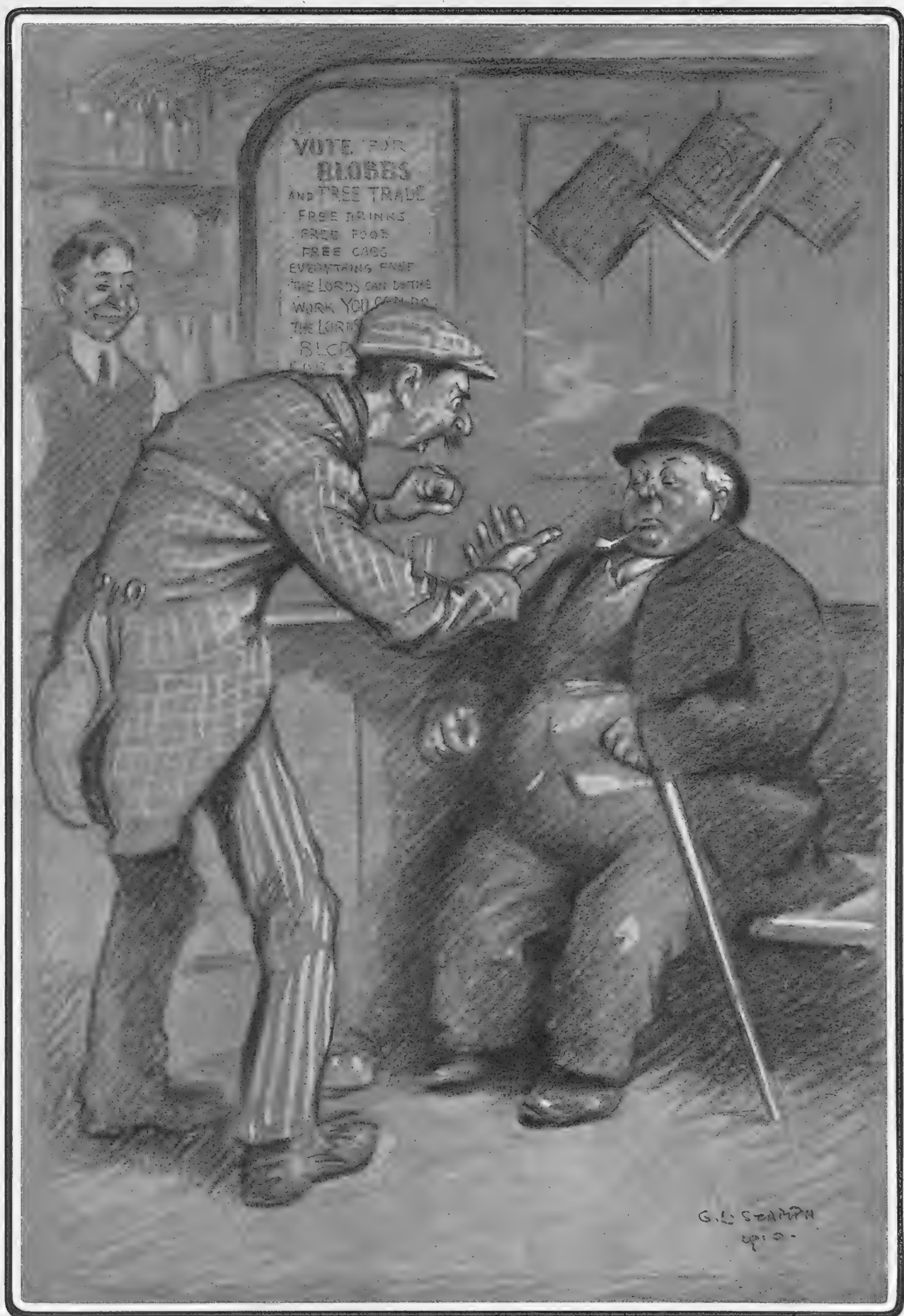


FIVE MEN TO ONE SET OF TRESSES: THE HAIR OF THE WINNER OF A RECENT "LONGEST HAIR" COMPETITION, IN BERLIN, HELD OUT FOR INSPECTION.

Photographs by Topical.



SOUND — THE LOUD TIMBREL.



THE EXCITED POLITICIAN: Now, what have you got to say to that? It's sound, ain't it?

THE IMMOVABLE POLITICIAN: Ah, that's what it is—only sound.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMP.

# KEYNOTES

## RICHARD STRAUSS'S "ELEKTRA."

IN the past week there have been several new productions at Covent Garden, and many concerts of the first class at the Queen's Hall and elsewhere; but the "Elektra" of Richard Strauss stands quite unapproached in point of interest. The libretto, founded upon the "Elektra" of Euripides, is by Herr Hoffmannsthal, who is said to be one of the leaders of Germany's decadent school of literature, and it is not to be denied that his version of the old tragedy is frequently sordid and never noble. Richard Strauss, who was supposed to have gone farther than he has ever yet travelled into the realms of dissonance, keyless music, and changing rhythms that defy continuity of thought and expression, has been maligned. His "Elektra" score does not seem at first hearing to be one whit more barbarous in its expression than that of his "Salomé"; the most uncouth noise produced from the strangest collection of instruments ever heard in an opera-house seems to be quite in keeping with the scene or emotions it strives so successfully to present, and at times his melodic inspiration rises to its highest point and finds expression in noble music of undying beauty. Indeed, there are moments when the composer seems to lay violent hands upon his own themes, and only by the deliberate introduction of discords, and the device of writing in several keys at once, contrives to save himself from the grave charge of writing straight-forward melody—a charge that would be fatal to his reputation.

The great value of the libretto from the composer's point of view is that it provides him with three or four clear-cut and well-contrasted types. Elektra herself stands for the madness of vengeance; her reason is tottering, and the joy of a completed judgment upon her mother and her mother's paramour kills her. Klytemnestra stands for lust and fear in startling combination, Orestes for grim determination and merciless reparation. Against these outstanding tragic figures we have Chrysothemis, full of the terror inspired by her surroundings, and yet unable to conquer her love of life or subdue her natural feelings to the demands of her distraught sister. Here, then, is ample material for the man of genius, and Strauss has made much of it. Not only does he show the contrast between the protagonists, he suggests in his score, with a perfectly amazing wealth of expression, all their varying moods. Elektra herself has moments when her intense love of her dead father, her weak sister, and her new-found brother cannot be restrained. Klytemnestra's brief appearance shows her dominated by fear of impending evil, hatred and passion. Chrysothemis is torn by conflicting emotions, dread of

mother and sister alike, and overwhelming desire for woman's normal life. These emotions come as vividly from the pages of the score as from the lips and the gestures of the characters themselves, and if Strauss has swept away nearly every tradition of classical writing in turn, if some of his pages are anathema to the purist, and the despair of those who utter their message, it must be conceded that, as a means to an end, the sounds emitted by the orchestra—they cannot always be called music—are supremely appropriate. There is another point that demands emphasis in view of the sensational reports emanating from the Continent and from America, the oft-repeated stories of prime-donne who refused to sing the music. Strauss has written with no little regard for the voice; some of our modern Italians show far less consideration for their interpreters. That the music is difficult is true enough; but that it is well-nigh impossible or voice-breaking is a charge that a single hearing of the opera must go far to disprove. In the writer's opinion, "Salomé" is a more difficult opera than "Elektra," from the singer's standpoint.

The opera, presented in a single act, without an overture, without a pause in the movement, and taking nearly two hours to present, has singularly few dull passages. The scene with Klytemnestra, from the moment when the strange, wild procession of her attendants passes the window of the Palace, down to the time when she disappears surrounded by her slaves, restored from a state of mad terror by the report that Orestes is dead, reveals Strauss as the greatest of all masters of the sounds of tragedy and horror. There is nothing like it in the scores of the living or the dead.

It would be hard to improve the performance at Covent Garden. Mr. Thomas Beecham is to be congratulated upon his mastery over the most complicated score ever written, and upon his skill in giving it coherence. He contrives to render the complete expression of the score without sacrificing his singers; indeed, his skill in this respect makes it a little difficult to realise how easy it would be for a less-skilled conductor to hamper the principals. The Elektra of Mme. Edyth Walker (a soprano who started her career as a contralto), the Klytemnestra of Frau von Mildenburg, and the Chrysothemis of Miss Frances Rose, a newcomer to Covent Garden, are all remarkable creations, and the entire production tells of most painstaking and careful rehearsal. That such an opera should arouse a British audience, largely composed of those who love the music of the early Verdi, Donizetti, Bellini, and Meyerbeer, to the heights of a genuine enthusiasm is one of the strangest signs of the times. All honour to Mr. Beecham.



THE AVICÉ OF "THE WRECKERS" AS PRODUCED AT COVENT GARDEN ON TUESDAY: MISS EDITH EVANS.

Miss Ethel Smyth's "The Wreckers" was to have been heard at Covent Garden on Saturday last, but had to give way before the popularity of "Elektra." It was arranged that it should be seen yesterday (Tuesday), with Mme. Edyth Walker as Thirza, Miss Edith Evans as Avicé, Miss Betty Booker as Jack, and various other well-known artists in the cast.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



A GRAND OPERA PRIMA-DONNA FROM THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE: MISS RUTH VINCENT AS VRENCHEN IN FREDERICK DELIUS'S "THE VILLAGE ROMEO AND JULIET," AT COVENT GARDEN.

The production of Frederick Delius's newest opera, "The Village Romeo and Juliet," was rendered interesting not only by the composer's work, but by the appearance of Miss Ruth Vincent as Vrenchen, for, before last week, Miss Vincent's reputation had been made on the musical-comedy stage and the concert platform alone. It seems likely that the new grand opera prima-donna has a great future before her in her new work.—[Photograph by L. N. A.]



## 'Tec Tactics.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

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III.—MR. HERRING TRACKLER IS DECEIVED WHILE INVESTIGATING THE DARING ABDUCTION OF A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY LADY FROM A WEST-END BOARDING-HOUSE.

We have to report an unfortunate set-back in the professional career of Mr. Herring Trackler, due, it must be said, in justice to him, to the wiles of one skilled in the ways of woman, and therefore wiser than the majority of men. Who but the gay Lothario could devise a scheme so ingenious as "the boots that walked backwards"?

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"DISEASE HAS ITS ORIGIN IN THE MIND": THE MENTAL HEALER.\*

MARY BAKER G. EDDY has never been normal. She was no more the ordinary child than she is the ordinary woman.

From babyhood she has ruled. Did we not know that animal magnetism is the devil of the Christian Scientist, we should say that she has always possessed in remarkable degree that personal magnetism that makes the great leader. Even her father, narrow, puritanical, pugnacious, a man of iron will, "a tiger for temper, and always in a row," one who could strike a crow dead for "hoppin' about on the Sabbath," came under her spell, had, indeed, so far to change the ways most would have deemed unalterable as to abandon some of the solemnities of his Sunday when Mary's nerves were racked under the strain of a Day of Rest of church-going and Bible-reading. These same "nerves" no doubt account in large measure for her extraordinary career. In her earliest years she was subject to "convulsive attacks of a hysterical nature," and in one form or another these would seem to have persisted throughout her life. Soon after the death of George Washington Glover, her first husband, for instance, "the slightest sound annoyed her . . . she was rocked to sleep like a child in the arms of her father or her sister, and then gently carried to bed. . . . To put an end to this practice, Mrs. Tilton ordered a large cradle to be made for Mrs. Glover. It was built with a balustrade and an extension-seat at one end, upon which Varney (the hired man) could sit, and by rocking himself as in a chair, also rock the cradle." Not long before, she had been doctored by a village physician, who dabbled a little in mesmerism, and rejoiced in having found one whose movements he could partly control by mental suggestion. Thus she began "to enjoy local fame, on account of her susceptibility to mesmeric influence and her clairvoyant powers." The



DANIEL PATTERSON, THE SECOND OF MRS. EDDY'S THREE HUSBANDS.

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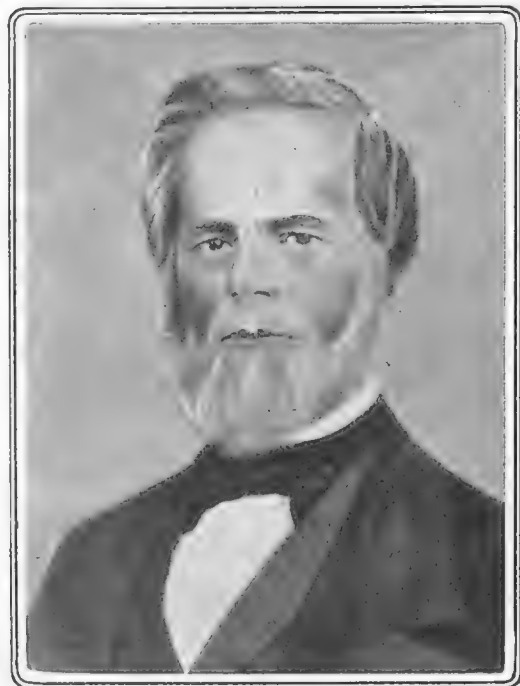
ASA GILBERT EDDY, MRS. EDDY'S THIRD HUSBAND.

curious and superstitious sought her advice.

Of such was the woman (now Mrs. Patterson, and still a dictatorial invalid fond of her cradle) who came under the influence of Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, the healer who professed to make his patients well and happy "by the benevolent power of mind." Working at first with the aid of mesmerism, Quimby eventually discarded this, deciding that the mesmerist's only service was that "he implanted in the sick man's mind an unshakable faith that he would get well. Any other person, or any drug, Quimby declared, which could put the patient in this attitude of mental receptivity

membership of from fifty to sixty thousand speaks eloquently for her powers of personality, organisation, and business.

Who but one of exceptional nature could find herself, at the age of eighty-nine, still at the head of such an organisation—could still find followers willing to give all for a faith which said, and with certain modifications still says, to take a few instances, that "there is no matter and that we have no senses"; that "the five senses being non-existent, all evidence obtained therefrom is non-existent also"; that "mortality" (otherwise matter) is "error, evil, a belief, an illusion, discord, a false claim, darkness, devil, sin, sickness, and death," and that all of these are non-existent; that the idea that man is a physical body as well as an immortal soul is an "illusion introduced into the world by Adam, and strengthened by all the succeeding generations"; that "mind is the only causation, and that disease, as well as all other disharmonies of man, is due to man's steadfast belief that his body contains certain properties over which his mind has no control"; that "if man would believe that matter has no sensation, then the human limb would be replaced as readily as the lobster's claw"; that "obesity is an adipose belief of yourself as a substance"; that "disease has its origin in the mind, and that, if the mental picture of disease can be abolished, the patient will be cured"—in a word, that "sin, disease, and death are non-existent, and will finally disappear under demonstration"?



By Courtesy of G. A. Quimby.

THE HEALER WHO CLAIMED TO MAKE PATIENTS WELL AND HAPPY "BY THE BENEVOLENT POWER OF MIND": PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY, WHO, ACCORDING TO SOME, WAS THE REAL ORIGINATOR OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Reproduced from "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

and give his own mind a chance to work upon the disease would accomplish the same result." Mrs. Eddy went to him to be made well; she remained to study. There can be little doubt that it was then that Christian Science, as expounded by its present head, came



Photo. S. A. Bowers.

THE CHIEF FIGURE OF THE FIFTY OR SIXTY THOUSAND CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD: MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY, ACCLAIMED BY HER FOLLOWERS AS THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, AND STILL HEAD OF THAT CULT.

Reproduced from "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

\* "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science." By Georgine Milmine. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE MEMBER AND THE MINX.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

A SEVERE attack of election fever had left the Minx a little limp. It had originated in a difference of opinion between herself and the Member before the election—not, in the first instance, a difference of political opinion, for the Minx could not, strictly speaking, have laid claim to the possession of any political opinion; but it degenerated into that, as the result of a slight disagreement on the subject of a hat. The Hon. Algernon Faringford, the Conservative candidate, had asserted that the hat did not suit her; that he disliked the size and shape of it; and that, in short, he would not accompany her to the *matinée* unless she changed it for another. The Hon. Algernon was not only particular in these matters, but he was also a man of a dogmatic and obstinate turn of mind; and, as he pointed out to the Minx, it was her duty, as his future wife, to consider in some small degree his feelings and wishes—well, his prejudices, if she chose to put it in that way—on these and all other subjects relating to their mutual happiness and welfare. Upon which, with an impudent tilt of the nose, the Minx had reminded him of the terms of their compact—to wit, that she would only consent to become his future wife on condition that he won the forthcoming election.

"That," said the Hon. Algernon, waving aside the objection contemptuously, "is practically a foregone conclusion; otherwise I should not, of course, have been such an idiot as to consent to the bargain at all."

"Well, I don't care twopence whether you get in or not," the Minx had calmly assured him. "The hat is ripping, and I'm going to wear it; so there!"

"Not, my dear little angel," rejoined the Hon. Algernon firmly—"not in *my* company."

"Then you needn't expect me to marry you," she retorted.

"You'll have to," he pointed out judiciously. "You've promised."

"Only if you get in," she again reminded him. "You're not in yet, and it's simply absurd to pretend that the hat doesn't suit me."

"The hat is outrageous, and I shall win the election without the least doubt. We expect a four-figure majority."

"Outrageous!" exclaimed the Minx indignantly; and then a sudden inspiration seized her. "I just hope you *won't* get in now!" she said with icy composure. "In fact, I shall do my best to keep you out."

"To keep me out?" The Hon. Algernon stared at her. "Why, what on earth do you mean? To—*keep me out*?"

The Minx nodded mysteriously. "You'll see," was her cryptic rejoinder. "It's people like you who drive helpless women to be Suffragettes. . . . Anyhow, we can canvass," she added with apparent inconsequence.

"Of course," allowed Mr. Faringford, a trifle puzzled, "you can canvass. I see no harm in that—there are, in fact, some good creatures in the Primrose League who are canvassing the district for me now in a most praiseworthy and industrious manner. If you are keen on that sort of thing, there's no reason why you shouldn't join them occasionally—I daresay you'd find it good fun."

"Good fun, indeed!" retorted the Minx, repudiating the implication with a glance of unmitigated scorn. "Do you imagine that women take all this trouble to get a lot of wretched men into Parliament just for *fun*, pray?"

"They have," the Candidate hastened to assure her soothingly, "their political creeds, of course—nobody denies that. They work for the Cause. Many of them are most serious-minded and intelligent ladies . . . but it was not of these that I was thinking at the moment. I was thinking of you."

"By which you dare to insinuate that I am not a serious-minded and intelligent woman!" the Minx accused him.

"On the contrary, when it's a question of hats," he corrected, "most serious-minded. I was not, however, aware, that you had hitherto put yourself to much inconvenience in the matter of returning wretched men to Parliament. I am sorry that these superhuman exertions of yours should have happened to escape my notice—"

"Don't jeer," interrupted the Minx, "it doesn't suit you. Besides, I was referring to the women who *work*—for the Cause," she added vaguely. "I haven't begun yet—but I'm going to."

"Good!" said the Hon. Algernon, rubbing his hands. "When do you propose to start?"

"To-morrow," announced the Minx, with decision.

"Then I will inform Mrs. Greene, who is in charge of our Ladies' Canvassing Committee—she will be delighted to welcome such a charming recruit!"

"Don't trouble," said the Minx loftily. "I shall not require to avail myself of Mrs. Greene's good offices. You see, I'm going to canvass for the Liberal candidate."

Mr. Faringford gave a soft whistle, while the Minx continued to meet his incredulous gaze with a look of warlike defiance.

"I see," he said slowly. "You wish my friend the enemy to win so that our bargain may be cancelled—"

"You had no business to call my hat outrageous," was the somewhat elliptic retort.

"It was a rash statement, I admit," conceded the Hon. Algernon, sighing. "But how could I possibly foresee the far-reaching results of such an innocent expression of opinion? Men are but short-sighted creatures at best. . . . Are you quite determined on this fateful course?"

"Oh, quite," said the Minx carelessly.

"Then," observed the Candidate, with a tragic gesture of despair, "our cause is lost—utterly lost!" He shook his head reproachfully at the Minx and sighed again. "It's really too bad of you," he added, "just as we were beginning to feel so confident of victory."

"It's entirely your own fault," she explained; "and I hope it may prove a lesson to you not to make rude remarks about me in future."

"I am sure," replied the Hon. Algernon penitently, "that it will."

The Minx, true to her word, commenced her campaign in the interests of the Liberal cause the following morning by calling upon the wife of a prominent local politician belonging to that party, whom she knew.

"I've come to help you canvass," she announced to the astonished lady, pressing her hand with a sweet smile.

"Help me canvass?" repeated the other, taken aback. "But I thought—we all imagined—we quite understood that—that, in fact, you were eng—I mean, that you were a staunch supporter of Mr. Faringford?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the Minx airily. "I've changed my opinions and I want the Liberals to get in."

"O—oh!" The slightly drawn-out inflection was discreetly significant, suggesting at the same time a subtle comprehension of motives and a prudent resolve not to probe them too far. "In that case, of course, we shall be delighted to have your assistance. I am visiting one of the outlying districts in my motor-car presently. Would you care to come, too?"

The invitation happening to coincide with the Minx's other arrangements, she accepted it, and found the experience agreeably stimulating.

"Some of these country people are very stupid," she remarked

on the homeward drive. "They don't seem to grasp facts, do they?"

"They grasp facts well enough," her companion dissented; "but they usually grasp the wrong ones."

This statement made the Minx thoughtful for several minutes, after which she said a trifle irrelevantly—

"You mean that you think he'll get in?"

"I hope so, my dear," replied the matron, alluding to the Liberal candidate; "but we shall have a very hard fight for it; the Conservatives are fearfully strong down here, you know."

The answer seemed to satisfy the Minx, for she leaned back with a little smile. During the next few days the electioneering fever took hold of her, and she found canvassing a much more exhilarating pastime than rinking or bridge. She conscientiously read the political literature provided for her by the Liberal ladies, and in order to preserve an unbiassed outlook, perused also the columns of a Conservative paper daily. Thus fortified, she felt herself equal to discussing the most complicated political issues with the most recalcitrant voters, and at the end of each day registered the results of her efforts in a little Russia-leather note-book, which she triumphantly exhibited to the Hon. Algernon when he next called.

"I got six dear old labourers to promise to vote for Mr. Clump to-day," she announced joyously—Mr. Clump being the Liberal candidate for the division.

"Hum!" commented Mr. Faringford, stroking his moustache. "I was afraid we should have no chance once you began to go on the war-path. . . . What arguments did you employ, by the way? Did you point out to these intelligent sons of toil the unspeakable disadvantages of fiscal readjustment, or did you dwell merely on the blessings of an unlimited supply of beer?"

"Both, of course," replied the Minx promptly, "though they were much too stupid to understand what I meant till I gave them a pound of tobacco each. They seemed to brighten up wonderfully after that, and grasped the facts at once."

"They would," agreed the Hon. Algernon. "But don't explain your methods of argument to anyone else, there's a dear, or you might be indicted for bribery and corruption."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Minx, somewhat alarmed. "What's the harm, pray, in giving a poor old man a few pipes of tobacco? I call it charity, not bribery."

"The terms," said Mr. Faringford patiently, "are interchangeable—in politics. I'm not sure that your smile alone—without the tobacco—might not be construed into an indictable offence under the Act. I merely warn you, of course . . . it's no business of mine . . . since you are acting on the other side—"

"Well, whose fault is that?" demanded the Minx hotly. "Everybody else admired the hat . . . it was simply pigheadedness, I believe. Anyhow, Mr. Clump will get in, you'll see!"

The Hon. Algernon shrugged his shoulders. "I shouldn't be at all surprised," he remarked philosophically. "As for the hat—"

"Oh, bother the hat!" she interrupted. "We expect a simply enormous majority."

"I trust," said the Candidate politely, "that you will not be disappointed."

"I consider that an abominably rude remark!" retorted the Minx. "It means that you do not want to marry me."

"I was under the impression it was the other way round," murmured Mr. Faringford, with an air of mild remonstrance. "If I am mistaken I apologise—"

"You needn't trouble," the Minx assured him sweetly. "You aren't—that is, I mean, it was."

"Thanks," observed the Hon. Algernon, brightening. "The explanation is quite lucid. But a bargain's a bargain—of course."

"Of course," agreed the Minx doubtfully.

The unremitting efforts, however, of the gallant band of ladies who were actively engaged in advancing the cause of Mr. Faringford's opponent seemed powerless to stem the tide of Conservative prejudice (so they described it) which had swamped the constituency. Nevertheless, the Minx enjoyed herself thoroughly, and did not appear in the least disheartened by the apparently unpromising outlook. Indeed, although she far more often allowed herself to be persuaded by the arguments of a voter whom she was canvassing than she succeeded in persuading the voter, this circumstance, so far from discouraging the Minx, only served to accentuate the excitement and novelty of electioneering.

"One never knows," as she expressed it, "which is going to get the best of it—you, or the creature you're talking to—"

"Yes," interposed her companion, "but you should stick to your point, dear, and not give into them. It's no use saying every time, 'Oh, no doubt you are right; and in that case perhaps you'd better vote, as you say, for Mr. Faringford.' That's not the way to get votes, you know."

"No, I suppose not," admitted the Minx; "but it's awful fun all the same. And besides," she added thoughtfully, "the poor fellows ought surely to be allowed to vote as they like? One can only point out things to them. . . ."

On the day of the poll the Minx rode up and down the main streets in a car profusely decorated with the Liberal colours, and sneered at the Hon. Algernon whenever they happened to pass each other. And when, on the following morning, the result was declared,

and Mr. Faringford proclaimed the winner by a round majority, she beamed contentedly on her fellow-canvassers. "So very disappointing!" she cooed. "But we did our best, didn't we?"

The inevitable reaction after such a stirring period of excitement set in the same evening. Now that the fun was over, the Minx began to wish that she had not quarrelled with the Hon. Algernon, for she was consumed with a desire to see her photograph in the illustrated papers as the future wife of one of the new members. It was in this state of limp protest against the fate which seemed bent on denying her so trifling a gratification that the Hon. Algernon found her the next morning.

"How do you do?" he said with frigid politeness. "I looked round early to say 'Good-bye,' as I have to catch a train to town at once."

"Oh . . . good-bye," said the Minx, half-turning in her chair. "Don't trouble to stop—you might miss your train. . . . I congratulate you, of course. . . . And, oh, by the way—how about our bargain?"

The Member gravely deposited his hat on the floor and sat down. "That," he answered, "is mainly my reason for calling. It's very unfortunate. But, you see, you have lost."

"Yes," sighed the Minx, "it can't be helped. You've won . . . and . . . and those six wretched old labourers promised to vote for you—not for Mr. Clump at all. I must have mixed the names up somehow, I suppose—"

"These accidents will happen," sympathised the Hon. Algernon, dolefully shaking his head. "One always feels a bit sorry for the loser, especially after such a gallant fight; but one's grief in the present instance may at least be tempered by the reflection that the loss is not irreparable."

"I don't see how you make that out," objected the Minx, with a little frown. "The loser can't win after the game is over—"

"Unless," suggested Mr. Faringford thoughtfully, "the winner resigns—"

"But even then Mr. Clump couldn't get in—that is, without another election; and besides," added the Minx, a horrid fear suddenly assailing her with regard to the photograph in the illustrated papers, "you don't surely mean that you would be such a donkey as to—to—"

The Member raised a deprecating hand.

"I was not referring," he remarked dispassionately, "to Mr. Clump, but to you—to our—our bargain, in fact. It seems such a shame that you should have lost. I could hardly sleep last night for thinking of your distress and chagrin; and so at length I was forced to arrive at the only decision possible under the circumstances. I decided to—"

"Go on," urged the Minx, regarding him stonily. "To—what?"

"To resign my claims," concluded the Member, in a tone of sad though determined renunciation, "in favour of the loser."

"Am I to understand by that," retorted the Minx, with icy hauteur, "that you wish to imply that you intend to—that is, to—to—"

"Cry quits on a division," put in the Member amiably. "You have caught my meaning to a shade. It seems only fair, don't you think, considering—"

"I will consider nothing of the sort," announced the Minx emphatically, "and I don't in the least understand what on earth you are trying to drive at."

"I am driving at this," explained the Member, with studious calm. "By your energetic endeavours to return Mr. Clump at the head of the poll—endeavours which would appear to bear but one interpretation—you have led me with some clearness to infer that you desired our matrimonial engagement to terminate—"

"That sounds like a prepared speech," objected the Minx.

"It isn't. I am speaking extempore," Mr. Faringford informed her with dignity. "And I was about to add, when you interrupted me, that under these circumstances my line of action seems to be definitely indicated. As one is strong one should be merciful. I therefore do hereby give you back your freedom."

"Then I won't take it!" declared the Minx, looking very red and determined.

"You must," said the Member inflexibly.

"Rubbish! I tell you I won't—so there! I'll—I'll have you up for breach of promise."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the Member, gazing at her in surprise. "Do you mean to say that you really want to marry me after all—?"

"Do you think I should have got those stupid labourers to vote for you if—if I *didn't*?" she demanded wrathfully. "You are really too idiotic for words!"

The Member rose, and taking the Minx firmly by one arm, assisted her to a vertical position, and so, by gradual stages, to a close proximity to his waistcoat.

"Then you actually wanted me to get in all the time, you little minx?" he inquired sternly.

"Oh, Algy, you old dear," sighed the Minx, lifting a pink face to his, "I should have been simply *mad* if you hadn't!"

"Ah! . . . And as for the hat—"

"Oh, never mind the hat!" interjected the Minx hurriedly. "I know exactly what you think about the hat. That it's just—"

"Adorable!" murmured the Member in her ear.

THE END.



SUGAR — MOIST AND CRYSTALLISED.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

BETTER THAN SUGAR, ANYWAY.

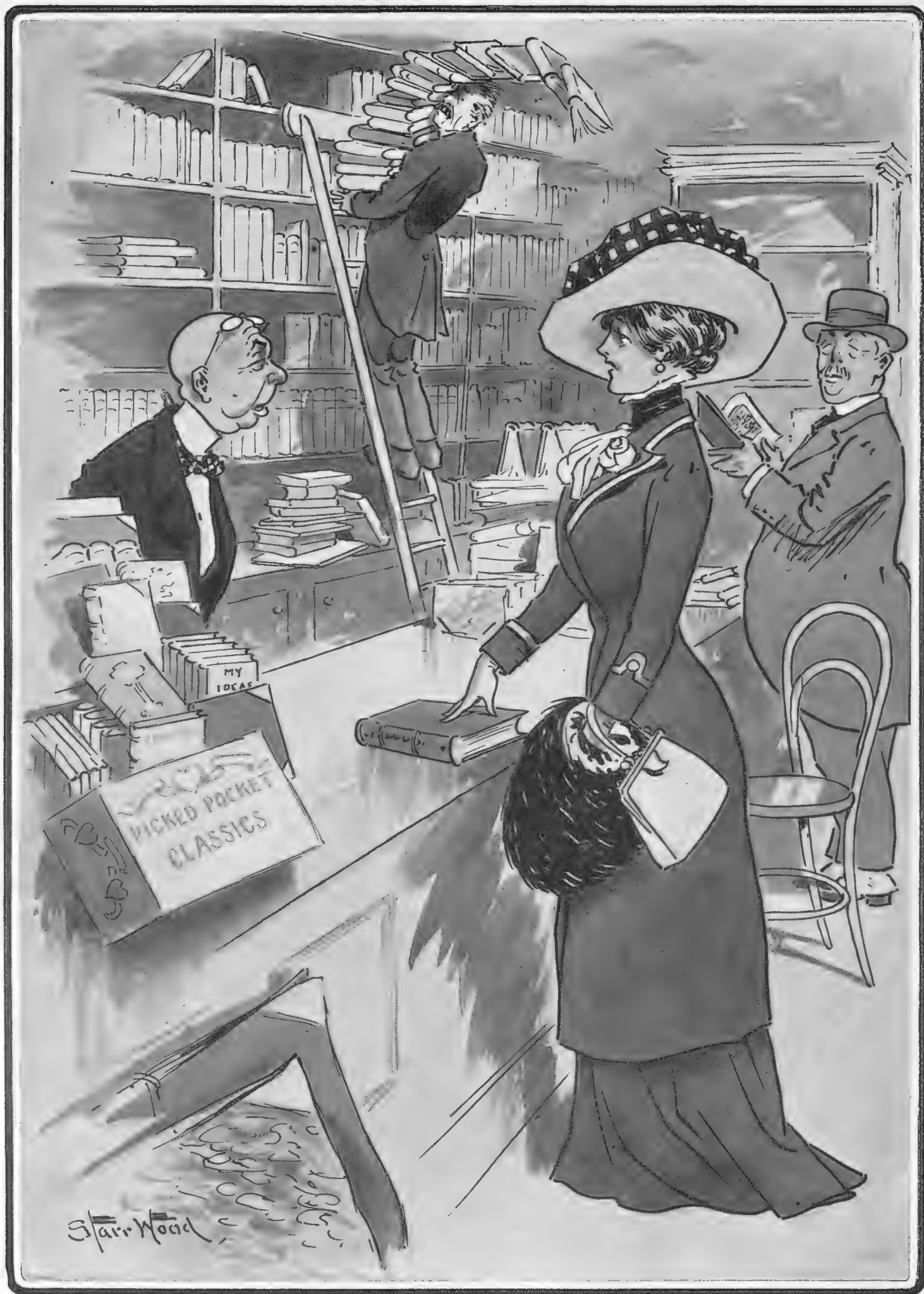
DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.



THE MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

HIS DAUGHTER: Daddy, you were twenty-five when this was taken, weren't you? Why, you might have sat for it yesterday.  
 HER FATHER: M'yes—your mother's own daughter; well, well, you'll find it on the table, I think.  
 HIS DAUGHTER: Find what, Daddy darling?  
 HER FATHER: The cheque-book, my own lamb.

## NOT TO BE BEETON!



THE CUSTOMER: Is this the best cookery-book you have?

THE SHOP-ASSISTANT (*who has been reading about the farmyard play, "Chantecler"*): Yes, Madam; it's so popular, in fact, that they're going to dramatise it.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



# THE PERFECT MAN

MOST Englishmen pride themselves on being sportsmen, and of the many kinds of sport which offer there is none which obtains a larger following in Society circles than shooting. It is patronised by the King, the Prince of Wales, many of the Peers, and a large number of other gentlemen, as well as a goodly number of ladies. The maximum of ease and comfort on expeditions of this sort can only be obtained in suitable clothing, and it will therefore prove of interest to note what has been worn of late by leaders of Society on these occasions.

His Majesty the King invariably wears a single-breasted lounge jacket, cut to fit easily and buttoning four, which means a high-turning lapel and a fairly square-cut front. Ample length is provided, and sufficient spring is supplied over the hips to allow for the movements of the body when walking and shooting, for when the arm is raised in the act of shooting, the tendency is to cause contraction over the hips, and this has to be guarded against. His Majesty's latest shooting-jacket is finished with a deep turn-back cuff to the sleeves, flap-pockets of the ordinary size on the hips, and an out breast-pocket on the left side, put in with a neat welt. Many gentlemen have numerous large pockets in their shooting-jackets, but his Majesty prefers the neater style described above.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales wears a somewhat similar jacket, only in his case the lapel turns slightly lower, the fronts only button three, and the lower part is more cut away, thus giving it a younger and smarter character, and consequently it is adopted by younger men.

Quite a different type of jacket from this is worn by other gentlemen, and in many instances it is provided with some form of pleat at the back and front. In some cases these only extend to the waist, where they terminate under a belt which covers a seam, joining a very full skirt on to the body part. In some jackets the top of the front and back are finished with a yoke, but this is not always approved of, for whilst aggres-

sive are worn, either with or without some form of gaiter; for instance, the King is usually content with a stout pair of boots and these stockings, but a year or two ago he more often wore spats, which is the plan still followed by such sportsmen as Lord Burnham and such distinguished visitors as the King of Spain and the King of Portugal on their shooting excursions both in this country and in their own lands. Anklets of leather or canvas, about five inches deep, are worn by other gentlemen in place of these spats; and, as an example of these, we may cite the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., whose father has been the King's host at several shooting-parties at Hall Barn recently.

The over-garment mostly worn on these occasions is some form of the Raglan sac; this has the sleeve continued up to the neck, and so arranged as to provide a very deep armhole, so that the coat can be put off and on with ease, and yet avoid any drag when the arm is lifted, as in the act of shooting. The King, however, prefers a long-caped over-garment, somewhat after the Inverness type, which can be worn fastened up to the throat if desired, but which he more often wears unfastened, so that it can be the more readily slipped off. This is the garment he puts on when riding from field to field, or when standing about for a time, and for such a purpose it is a very useful and comfortable wrap.

The full-top cap is the most popular form of headgear at the present time, but the King, the Prince of Wales, King Manuel, and many other gentlemen are now wearing the soft-felt or Hamburg style of hat on these occasions. In the matter of neck-wear, the shallow double-collar, with a narrow sailor-knot tie, is the most fashionable; sometimes the soft collar is used, but more often the stiffened linen style is preferred. These are the styles that have found most favour with those English gentlemen who have joined the shooting-parties that have been arranged this season, and we have no doubt similar outfits for like occasions will continue to be worn for some time.—W. D. F. V.



THE SEARCH FOR GOG AND MAGOG: A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD ESSEX LAD WHO IS SEVEN FOOT THREE IN HEIGHT, AND IS ONE OF THE COMPETITORS FOR THE PART OF GOG OR MAGOG IN THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

Amongst those who will appear in the forthcoming pageant, the Festival of Empire, are Gog and Magog, those giants who are now represented by effigies in the Guildhall. It is obviously necessary that exceptionally tall persons shall take the parts of these legendary beings; hence numerous applications, not only from giants, but from giantesses. It may be noted, perhaps, that the original statues of Gog and Magog (generally believed to be intended for Gogmagog and Corineus) stood in the Guildhall in the days of Henry V. These were burnt in the Great Fire, and new ones took their place in 1708. The older effigies were of wickerwork and pasteboard, and were carried in the Lord Mayor's procession.—[Photograph by Topical.]

sive—or shall we say showy?—styles of clothing often find favour at shooting-parties, yet there are many sportsmen who prefer a neat style of suit. For instance, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein wears a belted jacket, which is finished with a pleat down each front from the shoulders to the waist, where it terminates in the waist-seam, over which a belt of the same cloth is worn. Large patch pockets with flaps are put on the hips; the neck is finished with a neat lapel and collar, and the sleeve with a plain cuff.

Nether-garments also vary; the King, the Prince of Wales, and many other gentlemen wear a very full and long style of knickerbocker, which bags over down to the calf. These are generally finished with a narrow band of the same cloth, which fastens close to the small of the leg by a button or buckle, and closes the slit left at that part. In some cases the fullness is merely gathered in to this garter, but in thick material this is clumsy, and so Vs are taken out at intervals to reduce it to the desired size. With these knickers, worsted stockings



A POSSIBLE GOG OR MAGOG IN THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE: A CITY GIRL WHO IS SIX FOOT THREE.

Photograph by Topical.



A POSSIBLE GOG OR MAGOG IN THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE: MISS GERTIE MILLS, OF GUILDFORD WHO IS SIX FOOT SEVEN.

Photograph by Topical.



By HENRY LEACH.

### The Open Championship.

It may seem to some people to be a very wrong thing to say, but the championships of golf do not interest the average golfer to anything like the extent that they are supposed to do. They interest me very much, partly because I know the chief performers and their golfing peculiarities with some degree of completeness, and partly because I have become somewhat attached to the historical and statistical side of the business. But I fear that the average golfer, who has neither of these special interests, cares no more in a general way for the championships than the small farmer who merely shoots rabbits cares about the competition for the King's Prize at Bisley. The golfer has some curiosity concerning the play on the last days of the two meetings—the amateur and the open—and he wants to know the result; but after that he forgets all about it and gives his attention whole-heartedly to a new dodge he has found out for playing his own iron shots. What matters to him is his own game, and he would rather win a bronze medal in a monthly competition with a score of 98 less 24, equalling 74, than see every shot played in the championships for the next twenty years. This is really so, and this self-centredness, if not a peculiarity among golfers as sportsmen, is still more marked in them than in any others. There is no place in the world where you may find golfers of all sorts in such variety as on the Riviera in the winter, and thus you can, perhaps, strike the average better there than elsewhere. If I were travelling in a train to Richmond—where the great Taylor lives and does his golf—I should not be so rash as to ask any other golfers in the compartment if they could kindly tell me who won the open championship last year. They would have special knowledge and interest. But here at Cannes, whence I write, I may ask the question, and, to test the quality of the view I have enunciated, I have just asked it of six men who are "average golfers," or think they are. Two gave the correct answer, one was sure that Braid was the hero of the day, and the other three did not know, one of them seeming to think that I might have something to do with it myself, and was hardly modest in my manner.

### The Famous Three.

But I think the case will be rather different this year from what it has generally been. There are sound reasons why the average golfer, and not he only, but the general non-golfing public, should take a considerable interest in the Open Championship Tournament (which takes place this year at St. Andrews in June, and which is

now just beginning to be discussed), and I will state them. It is not only in prospect a more interesting golf championship than any held in the past, but is in its way one of the most interesting of all sporting events in history, dealing as it does with a situation which is quite unique. The tale hangs upon the present equality of what are known as "the triumvirate," being J. H. Taylor, James Braid, and Harry Vardon, and in some measure also upon the bold

and persistent challenge of the supremacy of these three which is being made by young Tom Ball, who has twice been second for the championship. So far as we can be certain about anything in the future, we may be so that never again will three golfers of such superlative merit and superiority be contemporaries as the three of the triumvirate just named. Golf is one of the hardest of games for a man to show himself better than others in with any regularity, for his margin of superiority has to be very great in order to discount completely the element of luck which enters so largely into the play.

Equal at Last. But in sixteen years these three men have amongst them won the championship twelve times, and

they have generally been the runners-up to each other as well. Taylor won it twice to begin with, and then Harry Vardon took the lead with three victories. Taylor scored again in the following year, and it seemed a duel between them; but then James Braid began. Harry Vardon, however, notched a fourth success, and equalled anything that any golfer of the past had ever done, for no man has ever won the championship five times. Then James Braid gained three championships while the others stood still; and so

Taylor, who set the triumvirate's ball a-rolling, was left behind the others. But last year at Deal he captured his fourth; and now, for the first time, all the three are equal, and each man has done as well as any golfer living or dead has ever done, and in all probability better than any other will ever do. Now, any one of the three is capable of winning again; not only that, but one of them is morally certain to do so, but which one is hard to say. Years are going on, and they will soon be past their best. This is to be the great year of struggle for the fifth championship, and it happens to be the jubilee year of the event, to mark which the authorities have decided to give a special gold medal to the winner. The great significance of the forthcoming competition at St. Andrews is now clear: it is to be a championship of championships; and if it is won by Braid, Taylor, or Harry Vardon, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that there is no distinction left for him to gain in golf.



MISS DWIGHT (HERTS).



MISS M. E. STUART (SUSSEX).



MISS GARDNER (SUSSEX).



MISS BENNETT (HERTS).



MRS. DOUGLAS HOARE (HERTS).

### GOLF AS THE PASTIME FOR STRENUOUS WOMAN: LADIES IN THE ATTITUDE OF DRIVING.

Our photographs show prominent players in the Herts v. Sussex contest at Eastbourne.—[Photographs by Sports Co.]



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

No Larger than a Marmalade-Jar.

The result of a Royal Automobile Club monthly trial to which a 45-h.p. six-cylinder Napier car was subjected on Feb. 9 last is interesting not only as demonstrating the wonderful flexibility, efficiency, and economy, too well known and proven now to be disputed, of the Napier cars, but as a reminder of the extraordinary progress which has been made in the power-development of what are, comparatively speaking, band-box motors in the last few years. Let any of my readers ponder the dimensions of this engine, with its cylinder-dimensions of 4 in. by 5 in., and remind himself that, after all, these do not exceed the breadth and depth of a 2-lb. marmalade-jar. And out of those six little pots, perhaps over 60-h.p., or even more, could be obtained on the brake, while what they will do day in and day out, when properly hitched up to a modern chassis, just paralyses the understanding.



FOUNDER OF THE AERO CLUB OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, WHICH MAY NOW USE THE PREFIX "ROYAL" IN ITS NAME: MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER, F.R.G.S. The Aero Club of the United Kingdom, which was founded on Sept. 24, 1901, by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, with his daughter, Miss Vera Butler (now Mrs. Iltid Nicholl), and Mr. C. S. Rolls, may now, by special permission of the King, use the prefix "Royal" in the name of the club, and is consequently "The Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom." Mr. Butler has made over one hundred free-balloon ascents, and was one of the first Englishmen to ascend in a dirigible and in an aeroplane. He has set up various records.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

wonderful performance, equalling 36.15 ton miles per gallon. On the track, a maximum speed of 61.12 miles per hour was recorded, 60.14 miles per hour being maintained for a distance of just upon fourteen miles. The economy of driving at reasonable speed upon the highway is most forcibly accentuated by the fact that the track consumption rose to 12.1 miles per gallon. In the matter of acceleration, it only needs to mention that, from rest, a speed of 35 miles per hour was attained in 11.4 seconds and 129.1 yards. The average speed up the test-hill from a standing start (average gradient 1 in 5) was 14.8 miles per hour. Those who want more complete efficiency than this would be hard to please. It is really a triumph of British automobile engineering.

Whatever Is, Is Wright!

The Brothers Wright are evidently very sore at the manner in which they have been overtaken and superseded, both in actual aviation and in aeroplane-construction, by their French opponents. Very few experts, either here or on the Continent, will agree that the "so-called marvellous advance of French aviation in the past year has consisted chiefly in copying more and more closely the main features upon which their patent is based." As a matter of fact, it has been

the object of the French designers to get away from Wright lines, in order to approach that auto-stability without which aeroplanism can never become anything more than a particularly perilous and highly expensive sport. Just as Galvin Dalzell, the Lesmahagow blacksmith, outlined the safety-bicycle, or Cugnot the first motor-car, so the Wrights led, and most honourably led, in the field of aviation. But to presume that the Wright notions are finite, when it is well known that the Wright machine requires more of the man than any of the other practical aeroplanes in ordinary use, is, like the attempted proof of Prop. VI., absurd.

Our One Dirigible. I cannot suppose that many of my readers are very deeply interested in dirigibles. They do not, to my mind, suggest the notion of possession and enjoyment which does certainly hang round an aeroplane. Those of us who have owned high-class bicycles, motor-cycles, motor-boats, and motor-cars may, if the march of years has not laid too heavy a hand upon us, yet contemplate the possession of a flying-machine. But one may as well look forward to the ownership of an Atlantic liner as a dirigible balloon, become they never so tractable. Yet it is interesting and reassuring to learn that something quite practical in this direction has at last been effected at Aldershot, and that Colonel Capper, Captain King, and another lately made a most successful trip of over sixteen miles on "No. 2A," as this new craft is called. While we learn that the envelope is of French build, but made of German material, there is some balm for Gilead in the reflection that the 80-100-h.p. engine is British—a Green!

The Yankee Leads! From certain statistics given by a French technical journal it would appear that the Anglo-Saxon races are much keener automobilists than either the Teutons or Latins. Although France enjoyed so signal an advantage

in time over us, and in 1899 numbered 1672 motor vehicles in her midst, that number has only increased to 46,114 in the present year of grace. In the case of England, while in 1902 we could boast only 5241 motor vehicles to the 9207 of Gaul, yet in 1910 our total had increased over sixteen times, reaching no fewer than 84,841 vehicles. Germany shows very poorly, even by the side of France, for her 2214 of 1904 has not quite quadrupled up to date. But for a start—ling, I had almost

written a paralysing, rate of increase we must, of course, look to the land of baked beans and the mighty dollar. Commencing, as did the States in 1903, with 4048, motor vehicles number there today no fewer than 130,000 in round numbers; and the motor-works all about the country are feverishly turning out cars, not by their thousands but by their tens of thousands. A great country!

(Continued on a later page.)



THE WOMEN OF EGYPT AND THE FLYING-MACHINES OF THE WEST: THE ENTRANCE TO THE SPECIAL GRAND STAND FOR LADIES OF THE HAREM AT THE HELIOPOLIS AVIATION MEETING.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.



AN AEROPLANE SEEN FROM A BALLOON: AN AVIATOR FLYING AT THE HELIOPOLIS MEETING, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE BALLOON "EXAMINER."

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**The Double.** There has been very little doing over the Spring Handicaps up to now. It is difficult to find out what horses are fit, and those would-be speculators who defer their investments will, I take it, be well advised. Of the Newmarket-trained horses, my local correspondent thinks Kakadu the fittest, while he has a good word to say for Kaffir Chief and Ednam. The last-named has had several strong gallops, and William P'Anson evidently believes in strong work for the spring races. He very nearly brought off a big coup at Lincoln many years ago by the aid of Bread Knife, who was just beaten on the post by Fulmen. The telegraph-wires were not so freely used in those days as they are now, and everybody thought the three-year-old could not possibly be ready, as snow had lain on the Malton Wold for some weeks during the early spring. It seems, however, that the horse had been galloped on the snow each day, and when he was stripped for the race at Lincoln, the authorities pronounced him as fit to run for his life. We are not likely to have to deal with a snow-trained horse this year. Desmond's Pride, who is trained at Ayr, is very fit, and, what is more, the horse is well fancied. The Netheravon pair, Christmas Daisy and Canonite, will have to be reckoned with, and I am now told that Juliet II., who is trained next door, will have to be considered. The Grand National will be the race of the year under National Hunt rules, and the going should suit the old stagers with doubtful legs. Such horses as Caubeen, Judas, and Springbok, who have previously performed well over the course, can be relied upon to do so again, and Cackler, despite his weight, may go close.

**Clubs.** As the racecourse clubs are such a big source of income to the companies, it is perhaps little matter for wonder that the managers of racecourses leave no stone unturned to try and get new members. True, places like Sandown Park do not require to tout for new members, as their list is always well filled, but some of the clubs at the Southern meetings are but poorly patronised. The committee of the Sandown Club is composed of the following noblemen and gentlemen: The Duke of Montrose; Lords Alington, Marcus Beresford, Downe, Dudley, Ellesmere, Essex, Farquhar, Harewood, Londonderry, Lurgan, Suffolk, and Zetland, and Sir A. Paget, Captain Pigott, and Messrs. Henry Chaplin, M.P., A. P. Cunliffe, Leopold de Rothschild, and Hwfa Williams; the last-named, by-the-bye, is also Clerk of the Course. The entrance-fee to the Sandown Club is £5 5s., and the annual subscription is £10 10s.,

except for some members who were admitted under the old rules, and who continue to pay an annual subscription of £5 5s. Ladies can become members of the Sandown Club, but they have to be proposed and seconded by members of the committee. Each member paying £10 10s. per year is entitled to receive passes for himself and two ladies; and each lady member paying £10 10s. per annum is entitled to admission passes for herself and two ladies to the club enclosure. In these days, when women's rights are being agitated for right and left, I think this is a capital idea, and one that might well be followed by other clubs. As I have before shown, the Club members at Sandown get wonderful value for money compared with that accorded to the occupiers of Tattersall's ring, and I do hope the managers of the meeting will adopt my suggestion and allow ladies to go into Tattersall's enclosure by paying ten shillings only.



THE INVISIBLE MADE VISIBLE: A STATUETTE OF A RACEHORSE GALLOPING, SHOWING IT WITH ALL ITS HOOFS OFF THE GROUND. This statuette is the result of a number of instantaneous photographs. When a horse is galloping, there are times when all its hoofs are off the ground. This particular action is not visible, owing to its very short duration (a fraction of a second). It is revealed, however, by photography.—[Photograph by Charles J. L. Clarke.]

**Two-Year-Olds.** It is interesting to note the number of engagements made for the two-year-olds, and to watch the results. For instance, the Duke of Portland's Alnissa, a bay colt by Ayrshire—La Roche, has fifty-two engagements made for him already, running on to the year 1912. I wonder how many of these the colt, who is bred good enough for anything, will win? Beau Brocade, also owned by the Duke, has forty-six engagements. Lord Mickleham's Blue Star, a filly by St. Frusquin—Game Chick, has been engaged for fifty races. Lord Derby's Bridge of Allan, by Lord Westley—Santa Brigida, has forty-four engagements. Mr. J. Buchanan's Tullibardine, by St. Frusquin—Floors, is entered already in seventy-one races. Mr. Buchanan is one of our most popular owners, but of late years he has met with wretched luck on the Turf, and it is to be hoped that among his two-year-olds there are one or two smart ones.

The going at the training-grounds has been very bad of late, and it has been impossible to get the two-year-olds forward. As a result, the Brocklesby Stakes may be won by anything, and it is just possible that we shall not see a smart youngster performing before the Spring Meeting at Epsom. It is said there are some very useful young horses at Kingsclere, but these will not be at their best before Ascot. The Duke of Westminster did badly last year, but, according to rumour, the two-year-olds



THE GERMAN "WHIP": A DINING-CAR ON THE STAGE IN THE TURF COMEDY "KAVALIERE." "Kavaliere" may fairly be called the German "Whip," although, unlike the Drury Lane play, it is a comedy. Photograph by Zander and Labisch.

owned by his Grace are a bit above the average. R. Marsh has some rare two-year-olds owned by his Majesty under his charge.

\* Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Heroic Hostess.

Hostesses, like poets, are born and not made, though it is true that a good deal can be done in the way of training if you only catch your future hostess young enough. For, like preparation for the Order of Jesuits, the training in the science of entertaining is arduous and severe. To be successful in this social art requires as many virtues and qualities as would fit out a pioneer or a saint. The hostess, above all things, must give up all idea of personal enjoyment. She must be quite aware that her guests regard her, not to put too fine a point upon it, in the light of a Bogy, to be avoided at all costs. Hardly anyone is bold enough to engage her in conversation at a party, and she is lucky if she does not well-nigh faint for lack of food before the revellers have departed. She it is who must suffer bores gladly, go in to dinner with octogenarians, converse in sprightly fashion with chaperons while others dance, stand when all around her have comfortable chairs, and look uniformly radiant during an entire evening. It is an act of mercy—one of those unostentatious good deeds peculiarly dear to the Recording Angel—to say a cheery word or two occasionally to one's hostess, just to show that you bear her no personal animosity, and that you are aware that she is doing her best in the heroic rôle of entertainer.

**Landor and the Perfect Boy.** Some hitherto unpublished letters of Walter Savage Landor reveal that English "classic" in the light of an authority on the Perfect Boy. Directly a little son was born to him he set up, like many another parent, to be an authority on education. "To swim and fence and love cleanliness are the three things to be taught first," he says. The poet proposed to keep his boy always among women, so that he might learn to please and acquire an ease and grace of manners which he thought impossible for a boy educated in England in the rough fashion of the eighteenth-century. Any untoward desire for study was to be sternly repressed, but he was to be encouraged in gardening, "a great preservation from mischief and conductor to health." In short, "health, good-humour, and the habit of pleasing are the only objects I keep constantly in view."

It is strange how these educational ideals of a great literary stylist in 1819 have become the ideals of 1910. The modern—and entirely tame—Eton boy, with his love of athletics and his charming manners, would have delighted the soul of Walter Savage Landor. For urchins in public schools were little savages in those days compared with the mild-mannered boys we see around us now. "I remember the grossness and repulsiveness of my own manners," he writes to a friend, "and am conscious how

much I retain of those truly British qualities." Landor, it is notorious, had an abnormally bad temper, even in old age, and it may have been impossible for his pastors and masters to transform the embryo lion into a little lamb.

## The Real Enemies of Socialism.

If Mr. Arthur Balfour, when he comes into office again, would steal the Radical thunder and give the women of England a property franchise, he would set back Socialism for fifty years. For the female creature of the toiling millions is such an incurable individualist that she cannot even co-operate or form trades-unions. She will not willingly "pool" anything, not even the washing and cooking which cost her so much personal labour. She finds pleasure and reward in her own strivings and contrivings, and always thinks, good soul, that she can do things better than anyone else. Collectivism, in short, does not appeal to her from any point of view. I cannot picture the working woman willingly consenting to have her baby taken from her to be brought up by that vague and impersonal entity, the State, any more than I can picture the daughter of a hundred earls wearing the serge-curtain girdled with a bell-rope which seems to be the advanced Socialists' idea of a universal costume.

## A Royal Road to Beauty.

There is a feverish anxiety nowadays to be beautiful, and countless as the pebbles on the shore are the various specifics to attain this end. Yet, applied to most female citizens, especially when they are what is euphemistically described as "getting on," the word "beauty" has an *arrière pensée* of irony about it. Women who go to be massaged know very well that they are not going to be made "beautiful," but simply fresher-looking; and that the beauty-dector is a person who appeals, in a somewhat unblushing manner, to the most primitive instincts of feminine vanity. The phrase, of course, originated in America, where I do not think there exists a person of the female sex, of whatever age or class, who does not secretly think she is irresistible. I have known

Transatlantic females of portentous size and the most disquieting countenances gravely announce that they were taking a course of "beauty-culture." But the latest specific for good looks consists neither in rubbing nor patting, neither in creams nor cosmetics, but simply in cultivating a serene and benevolent expression of countenance. 'Tis as easy as learning the alphabet, if you have courage, culture, ideals, altruism, faith in humanity, and real optimism—in short, if you are that rare fowl, a philosopher in petticoats.



AN EVENING DRESS OF CROCUS-YELLOW CHIFFON WITH A DRAPED SKIRT AND LACE BODICE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Courts.

Ministerialists' wives and those of political officials attended the first Court in great numbers. Ill-natured people said it was because they knew it would be their last appearance. No one looked more lovely than Mrs. Winston Churchill in a perfectly plain, simple pale-pink satin train over a clinging dress of charmeuse the same shade, wearing diamonds and rubies. Mrs. Herbert Gladstone, who will perhaps be presented next as a Peeress, was like a Louis Quinze picture in white brocade with flower bouquets and a soft blue train. Brides included the Countess of Macclesfield, Lady Gwendeline Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, and Lady Dorothy Wood. Débutantes of distinction were Lady Marjorie Cochrane, very pretty in her white attire, with her dark hair and eyes, pretty *petite* figure, and charmingly clear-cut features; the Hon. Aurea Baring, the Hon. Emily Burns, Mrs. Robert Benson's pretty daughter, Sir Vincent and Lady Caillard's girl, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Glyn's daughter, Miss Magdalen Curzon, daughter of the Hon. Alfred and Mrs. Curzon, niece of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and Miss Dundas, daughter of Violet Viscountess Melville. The Duchess of Devonshire will be presented at the Court on Friday on her succession to the title.

### A Most Unspotted Lily.

A bad complexion in these days is a fault far more than a misfortune. Women who really take pains about such a trouble soon overcome it. The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, have secured a leading reputation for turning out most unspotted, lily-like skins. Often they do this from very unpromising material. As their remedies are clean and wholesome, requiring only patience and perseverance from the patients, there can be no reason why any self-respecting girl or woman should go about with a blemished complexion, than which there is no worse blot on beauty. The Company, having secured these unique remedies from a lady specialist whose name is gratefully spoken in many a Court, castle, and mansion, are so sure of their efficacy that they put them up in small quantities for trial at trifling cost. Also, they do not insist on a whole course of home treatment, but will say, on consultation, what parts of it are necessary in certain cases. The fact is that the remedies place at the disposal of everybody what has hitherto been for the well-off and smart. That this is keenly appreciated is proved by piles of letters received every day giving symptoms and asking for help. Quickly, unhesitatingly, and firmly, the great skin specialist dictates what is to be sent. Surely, swiftly, gratefully comes the reply; and so goes on a really bona-fide, straightforward business in saving our sex from disfigurement of every kind.



ALL A-GROWIN' AND A-BLOWIN': A FANCY-DRESS QUEEN OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

At a recent skating carnival the second prize for the best fancy dress was won by Miss L. Keen, of Hemel Hempstead, who appeared as in the above photograph, in a costume representing various vegetables and flowers grown from Carter's famous tested seeds. The firm's address is Messrs. James Carter and Co., 237-B, and 97, High Holborn.

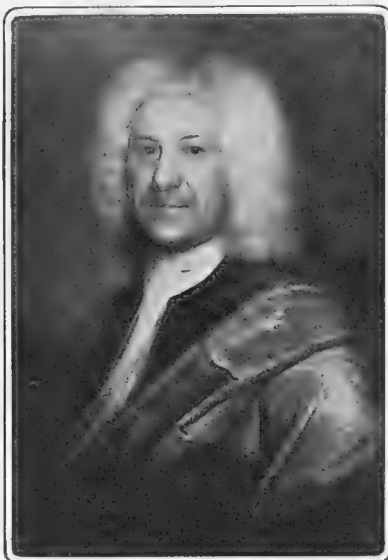
Photograph by Culverhouse, Hemel Hempstead.

### For Life and Limb.

If one wants to avoid risk of injury in a house where polish is required, beware of beeswax. Lately a cook received injuries that caused her death by a pot of this substance catching alight. If Ronuk is used there is no such danger; it is cheaper and gives better results, so why risk life or limb?

### "Sip Salubrious Tea."

Wines may come and spirits go, but tea goes on for ever (with my profound apologies to Tennyson). Twining's tea-



THE BI-CENTENARY OF A FAMOUS TEA-HOUSE: THOMAS TWINING (1675-1741), FOUNDER OF MESSRS. R. TWINING AND CO.

The portrait of the founder of Twining's, the famous old tea-house "at ye sign of ye Golden Lion in ye Strande," is taken from a tasteful brochure issued by the firm on the occasion of its bi-centenary this year. The story is full of interest, linked as it is with many famous names, for ever since Queen Anne's days tea and literature have been found closely associated—indeed, if we may say so, inter-twining.

From the portrait by Hogarth.

house in the Strand has just celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. It was a transformation of Tom's Coffee House, where Pope and Akenside and Birch were wont to foregather, into a place for the sale of what was then called "the new China herb," later to become the modish "dyshe of tay," and which is now the universal "cup that cheers but not inebriates" the millions who enjoy it. Queen Anne loved her "tay," and did not mind paying Thomas Twining, at the sign of the Golden Lion, in the Strand, thirty shillings a pound for it. In her reign the practice began. The firm have celebrated their two hundredth anniversary by publishing a brochure which teems with interest for all London-loving Londoners. It is illustrated with pictures of the Twining family, of tea-parties at different periods from 1792, and goes on to the present, when the firm still prospers, and from the up-to-date building the tea goes

out in the smartest of motor-vans to thousands of appreciative customers. Assuredly not many families have been connected with a firm continuously for two hundred years. Many of its members have been in the Church and in the law, but always one has been head of the famous house.

### Court-Dress Features.

The novel points about the smartest dresses worn at the first Court were the draped skirts. The folds took a long slant-wise line, sometimes joining a slant-wise drapery on the bodice, sometimes from waist to hem. Another point was the softness of the best gowns. Magnificent embroideries characterised them, but of the softest and richest description. In several instances lovely laces were used as trimmings, which were of gold and mauve or blue and silver. Flower-trimmings were much in vogue, and there were many soft velvet trains, and fewer of transparent nature than usual. Jewels were, of course, superb, and diamond jewellery has suffered no eclipse in favour as an effective and stately trimming.

### For Lenten Dances.

There is a great deal of dancing going on which may be regarded as a Lenten penance on the same principle as elaborate fish menus are looked upon in the light of fasts. On "Woman's Ways" page, a drawing will be seen of a crocus-yellow chiffon evening dress, having a draped skirt and a creamy-hued lace bodice.

At the Playhouse to-morrow (Thursday, March 3) Miss Lila Field gives her second Dramatic and Musical Matinée, which is under the patronage of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The programme is varied and extensive. The dramatic part of it will include a one-act comedy by Miss Field, entitled "Plain Fare"; a one-act comedy by Keble Howard (whose name needs no introduction to *Sketch* readers) entitled "Handling Papa"; a one-act fairy play by Miss Field, called "The Goldfish"; and a comédietta by F. Kinsey Peile, called "Money and the Girl." The musical portion of the programme will be provided by Miss Bertha Scholfield, who will sing a group of songs by Mr. Herbert Bunning, accompanied by the composer.

It would be difficult to imagine a cheaper shilling's-worth, for those interested in matters theatrical, than "The Stage Year Book," published at the offices of the *Stage*, 16, York Street, Covent Garden. Not only is it abundantly and sumptuously illustrated, but it contains a vast amount of information invaluable to members of the profession and those connected with it, as well as a number of interesting original articles and literary contributions. Among other things, it gives a complete list, with full casts, of all the plays produced in the United Kingdom during 1909, particulars of new plays in other countries, and a record of every event of importance in the English theatrical world.

Messrs. Scott, the well-known hatters of 1, Old Bond Street, announce that their show-rooms have been redecorated and refurnished. All the new season's goods are now on view, and a beautiful illustrated booklet will be sent free on application.



A NEW ALL-DIAMOND PENDANT, WITH PLATINUM CHAIN.

The Parisian Diamond Co., Ltd.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 14.*

## THE POSITION.

THE greater part of the Stock Exchange activity, of which all the papers seem full, is confined to Rubber, Oil, and Rhodesian shares. So far from the remaining markets being active, they are mostly in a state of suspended animation; even Americans are stagnant, while Home Rails are entirely neglected. The bulk of the world cannot think of many things at the same time, and the great activity prevailing in one or two particular departments has attracted to itself the speculative instincts of nearly all the public which concerns itself with Stock Exchange matters.

The Rhodesian boom—we have seen such things before—is probably overdone, but the meeting of the Chartered Company will very likely give it a fresh "leg up." What started the oil craze nobody seems to know, but if it was the announcement that the Admiralty intend to use liquid fuel for war-ships, it seems very little to build so large a superstructure upon; while the rubber boom, which has had a very solid basis—more solid, in fact, than the basis of any like boom we ever remember—appears to have passed the bounds of prudence, or perhaps of reason. When we looked into the prospects of many of the best Rubber Companies some months ago, we placed various prices in our own mind as the fair market value of the respective shares, and in every case those prices have now been left far behind, so that it is becoming every day more difficult to find—we will not say a cheap, but even a reasonably priced share for those correspondents whose number increases in inverse proportion to the supply of shares which have not reached prohibitive figures.

The deadness of the older and more sedate Stock Exchange markets is no doubt attributable in part to the excitement in the special sections of which we have been writing, but also to some extent to the very uncertain political outlook, which may precipitate a General Election at any moment. The City is beginning to think it is high time that the finances of the country were put in order and preparations made for dealing with the War Loan and other matters which cannot brook delay much longer. If Mr. Redmond is able to make and unmake Governments at such a critical time, we may have nobody capable of dealing with these things, which certainly cannot wait for the result of a second General Election. The situation does not make for general market improvement.

## WHERE YOU CAN'T LEND MONEY.

Respecting the prosperity of the Dominion, we may quote a letter received the other day from a settler in Saskatchewan, who prophesies a record year for Canada, both as regards the influx of desirable immigrants and the season's harvest. "The farmers," he says, "are all independent now. Loan Companies complain that their advances are being returned too fast. Some of these Companies are known to have refused to accept re-payment in full in cases where the original contract provided for return of the money by instalments. The banks are in the same kind of difficulty with surplusage of money, and are seeking outside investments in order to place their money profitably." The writer of this is an Englishman, not prone to exaggerate, and his remarks read encouragingly enough for the holders of Canadian Pacifics or Grand Trunks.

## CANADIAN PROSPERITY AND RAILWAYS.

With hardly a setback worth mentioning, Grand Trunks have progressed strongly upward since the dividend announcement of some few weeks ago, and the buying of the Third Preference and the Ordinary stocks is said to be extremely good. As usual, the market is discounting the future at a liberal rate, and the only justification there can be for the Third Preference standing near 60 is the off-chance of the stock getting its full 4 per cent. dividend in April 1911. Improbable as this rate appears, it cannot be classed as outside the range of practical politics. Both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Companies are publishing excellent traffics every week, and the market hopes run high that the next Canada dividend may be at the rate of 8 per cent., instead of 7 per cent., as at present.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Rubber?" said The Jobber. "I'm fed up with rubber! I'm sick of rubber. I'm——"

"A bear of rubber?" suggested The Merchant.

"Not very much, thank you. I don't think the time has arrived for that just yet."

"The market will run easily till the end of this year," predicted The Broker.

"With occasional interruptions," added The City Editor. "We haven't had a real bad scare in the market at present. Pests, for instance."

"Financial," asked The Jobber, with an air of bland innocence, "or merely journalistic?"

"I put my old father into Bertam Straits," interposed The Engineer hastily, "and I verily believe there's a quick profit to be taken out of them."

"Linggis and Anglo-Malays are my favourites," declared The Merchant. "And Sialangs have a pound rise in them. They are just about 35s. premium, with 15s. paid up."

"There's a chance of dramatic developments in Merlimau," remarked The Solicitor. "I'm told they are expecting a cable which will put up the price to six shillings if the anticipated news arrives. And Chersonese, or the Options, I'm still implored to buy."

"How about Ventures?"

There was a little pause.

The Broker shook his head, and The Jobber frankly admitted that he couldn't say. "I should be inclined to take whacking big profits," the latter averred.

"So should I," agreed The Merchant. "Though, mind you, the Venture has two or three more companies coming along, and it must have made a pot of money out of Jequié, West Jequié, Madagascar, Harmonys, Lenas, and a few other things."

"I should let them go," The Broker said at last. "Give other people a chance of making money out of them."

"Your markets are all rubber and oil," complained The City Editor.

"Oh, by the way, you chaps ought to buy Eastern Petroleum," The Jobber told them. "Somewhere about 1½ they are, and I honestly believe they are to have a run."

"What's the use of the Oil Market?" scoffed The City Editor. "It will all be done with before Easter."

"Pshaw!" And The Broker impatiently pushed back his hat. "Just because there's no tangible reason for a rise in prices all the papers cry confusion upon it. The oil boom has hardly begun."

"Well, I'm not in oil, and I'm thankful of it," replied The Solicitor. "I've made a little chicken-food in the Rubber Market, but oil is going to disappoint all your enthusiasts. You can take it from me."

The City Editor said he thought the boom would break out again, if only in order to give the promoters a chance to launch the new things that were in preparation for the Oil Market.

"That is so," The Broker stated. "Why, do you know that this boom, which the papers all spoke about as if it sprang up in a night, took weeks of solid hard work beforehand?"

"And money?"

"Money, my dear boy? Money has been simply poured into the business of getting the ground ready. And do you mean to tell me that all this is going to be satisfied with one week's spurt? Not it!"

"You're arguing from a merely market point of view, I take it?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. I don't mind saying that I fail to see much attraction myself in oil——"

"You'd be a great attraction in oil, Brokie," The Jobber murmured.

"——And all this market-mongering, if I may so express it, does ultimate harm to the Stock Exchange. But while my clients can make money——" and he shrugged his shoulders significantly. "Lend me your paper a second. I want to look at a price."

"That reminds me," put in The City Editor, "of a story I heard the other day about one of your young bloods in the Stock Exchange who has a large private income and is as mean as a rat. He always comes up to town with the same set of fellows, and invariably reads their papers, to save buying one for himself."

The Broker laughed and handed back the borrowed paper.

"Go on with the story," said The Merchant.

"Well, one day all the other fellows sat on their papers, so when your House man got in, there were no papers visible. He hopped out and bought a *Daily Mail*, and then the other chaps produced theirs and jeered at him."

"Where's the point?"

"He saw what had happened, nipped out of the carriage again, gave the paper to the boy, and got back his ha'penny, and jumped back just as the train was off. And then he read all the other fellows' papers!"

"He will die a very rich man," ruminated The Engineer. "I wish I'd been born like that, instead of beautiful."

And he quietly left the compartment before even The Jobber had sufficiently recovered from his amazement to hurl opprobrium after his retreating figure.

The report of the *Mercantile Investment and General Trust Company* is claimed by the chairman to be the most satisfactory in the history of the Company, and although the dividend on the Deferred stock is not increased this year, a small increase in the rate of distribution is foreshadowed during the current year. The Deferred stock is now quoted at 109, and, as compared with the Deferred stocks of other Financial Trust Companies, would seem to be high enough. The 4½ per cent. Second Debenture stock, to which I drew your readers' attention last year at 99, is now standing at 104-106, and is, of course, very amply secured. The absorption of the American, English, and General Trust will presumably enable the Company to make a further issue of Debenture stock in the near future. The stockholders will notice with mixed feelings some of the changes of investments made by the Directors in the past year; for instance, the whole of the Company's holdings in Anglo-Ceylon and General Estates stock (now shares), Dooars Tea Company shares, Eastern Produce and Estates Company shares, were sold—no doubt at prices far below those now ruling. This would not seem to argue a great degree of intelligence in the directorate, and does not encourage one to recommend an investment in the Deferred stock.

When I wrote in your issue of Dec. 29 ult., "The shares of the *Anglo-Ceylon and General Estates Company* are quoted at present at about £2; but, in view of their prospects, I shall not be surprised to see them standing at £3 in 1910." I am bound to admit that I did not expect them to be quoted at over £3 as early as February. The public, however, is at present very much awake to the merits of Rubber shares and kindred descriptions, and consequently the advance has occurred earlier than might reasonably have been anticipated. I refer to the subject to-day because some of your readers might

infer that I regarded £3 as the full value of the shares. I am very far from doing so; in fact, I consider they should be held for at least £4. I must refer any of your readers who want full particulars about the Company to your issue of Dec. 29, but I may just remind them that the Company is in the very exceptional position of deriving a large income from three distinct sources—namely, tea and rubber estates in Ceylon, which may be relied on to pay a regular 10 per cent. on the Company's shares; sugar estates in the Mauritius, which earned another 10 per cent. last year, and may do better in future; and last, but not least, large holdings in two of the most prosperous Malay Rubber Companies—namely, 17,000 Bukit Rajah shares and 12,000 North Hummock shares. Those of your readers who have very large profits on their Rubber share holdings (and there should be many in that position) might be well advised to exchange into such a Company as this, or the Eastern Produce Company, or others which have interests in other products as well as rubber. They should also remember that the Rubber boom of last spring was followed by the Kaffir boom in the summer, and something of the kind may probably happen this year. The labour difficulty in the Transvaal seems in a fair way towards solution, and, directly an ample labour supply is secured, there should be a great revival of activity on the Rand.

Q.

THE LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD., is offering 60,000 shares of £1 each, at a premium of 10s. The issued capital at present consists of 244,169 shares, upon which, in three years, the dividend has been raised from 5 to 12½ per cent., while in the same time the net premium income has risen from £68,099 to £367,876, which was the figure for 1909. Hitherto the Company has done all classes of insurance business except life insurance, which, however, the directors now propose to include in the scope of the Company's operations. In deference to the prevailing dislike of uncalled liability, the present issue will have the whole nominal value of each share called up, and will rank for dividend from the date of allotment. The directors believe that the twenty-seven branches which have been established, and the several thousand agents now working for the Company, will be a valuable asset in the establishment of the life-insurance business upon which the Company is about to embark, and of which the managing director has had a long experience. The minimum subscription upon which the directors will go to allotment is 25,000 shares, and no part of the issue has been or will be underwritten.

This Company's past record should encourage investors to take up the present additional capital, which is likely to prove a good investment.

Saturday, Feb. 26, 1910.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or

correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G.—We will try to carry out your suggestion, but it is no use recommending things unless you have, or think you have, information of value, and you must not expect recommendations every week.

S. A.—Your letter was answered on the 23rd inst.

SPEKO.—If you can get 5s. premium for your shares we think you should take it.

DUFF.—If the shares were our own, we should hold them, with the idea that, later on, the market will want them. The capital is large, and the Rubber part of the enterprise subsidiary to the Mining.

A. G. C.—(1) The Company is a fine one, with large area and over 900,000 trees. It has paid 1s. in 1909 and 1s. this year. If the boom lasts, the shares will go higher; but it has nearly become a mad scramble already. (2) A good little Company, with moderate area. A small dividend was paid last year, and the shares have not appreciated to the same extent as many others. Tandjongs look cheap, as things now go.

BELETE.—(A) (1) The price is ½ discount. (3) Well taken up, price ½ premium. (4) Ditto, price 1 premium. We will make inquiries as to No. 2. (B) Did not go well; a middling second-class security. (D) We prefer No. 3 by far. (E) We think this a good second-class investment; price of script, partly paid, about ½ premium, or 97 for the stock. (F) Price about 98. The full dividend may be expected during the next three years, and the arrears of £13 10s. should also be wiped out in this time. Fairly safe. The calculations you must do for yourself. (G) We will inquire, but it is not the sort of thing we should care to hold.

HUB.—Any advice we could give you must be so stale by the time our paper reached you that, at the rate prices shift in the Rubber Market just now, it might be worse than useless.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Kempton, Leinster may win the Spring Steeplechase, Aureola the Bushey Hurdle, and Atrato the Littleton Hurdle. At Ludlow, Belus should win the Stewards' Steeplechase, Parleur the Caynham Hurdle. At Sandown, these may go close: Warren Hurdle, Merry Margot; Aissele Hurdle, Kilroe; Grand Military Gold Cup, Sprinkle Me; Past and Present Steeplechase, Greek Play; Grand Military Steeplechase, Bahadur; United Service Steeplechase, Flax Field; Imperial Cup, Bradshaw.

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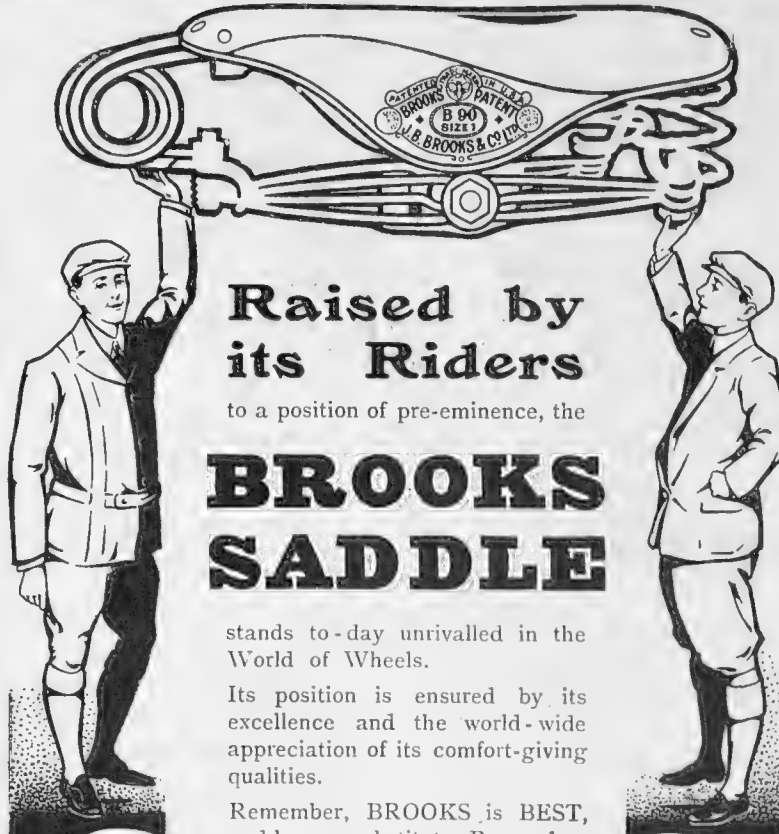
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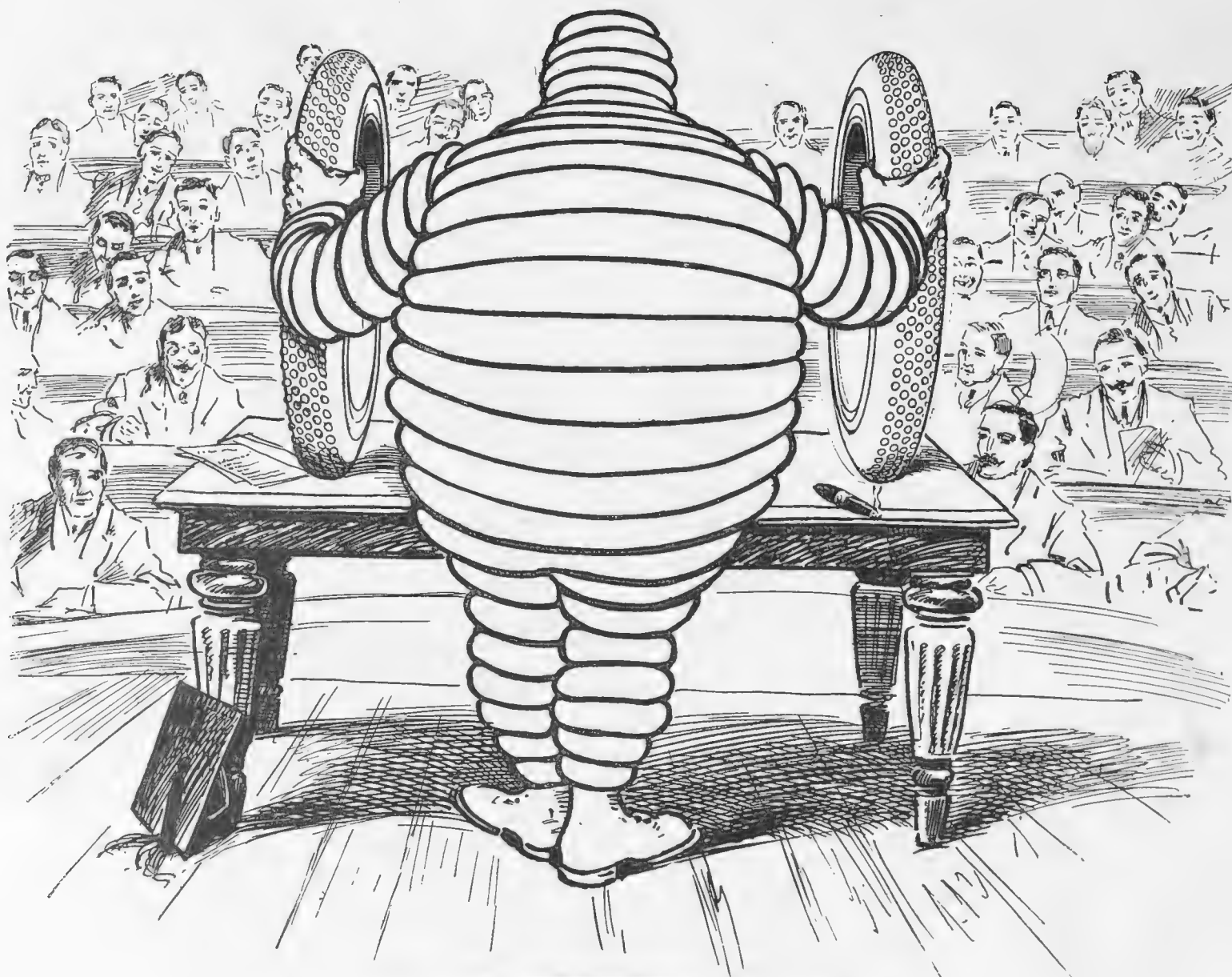


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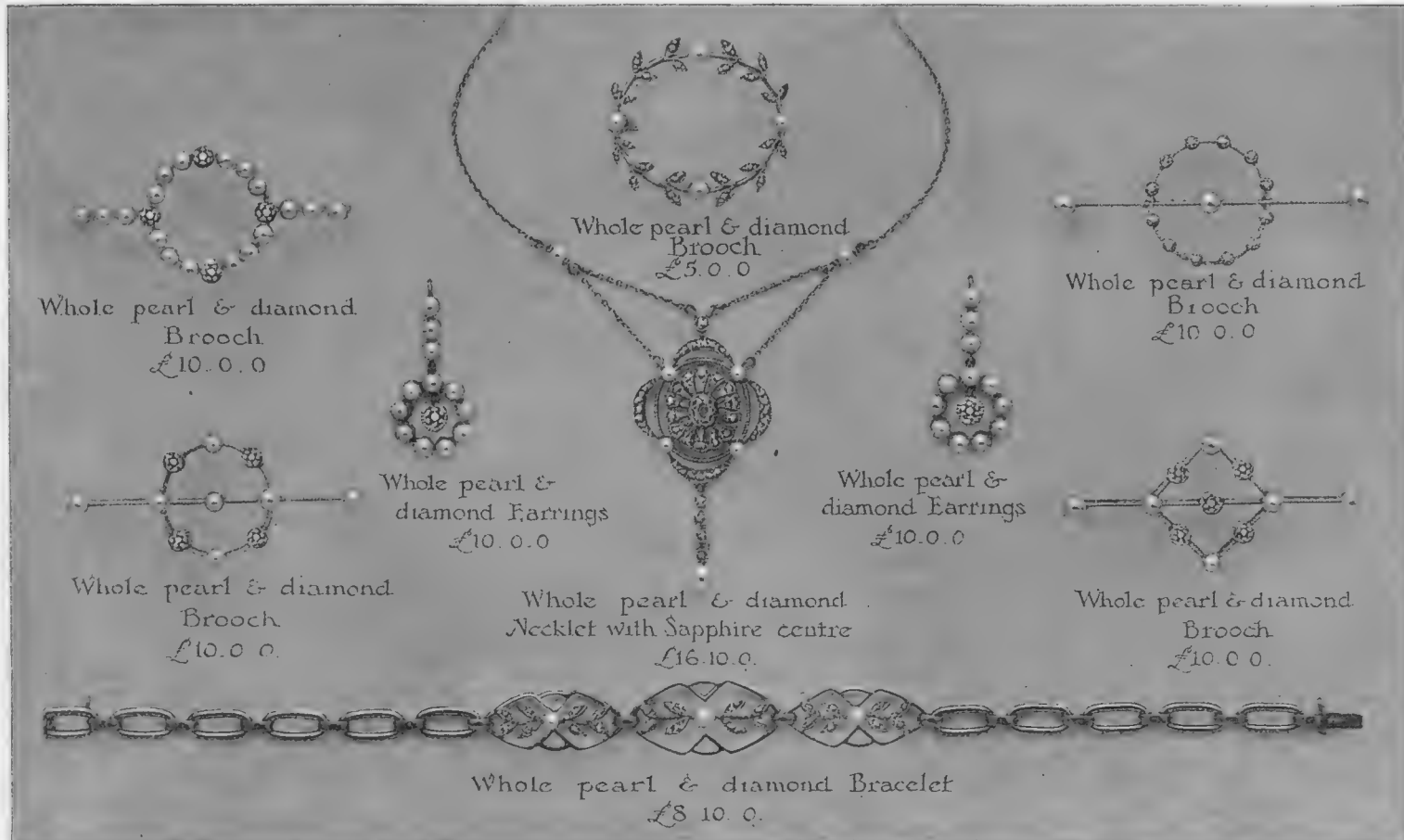
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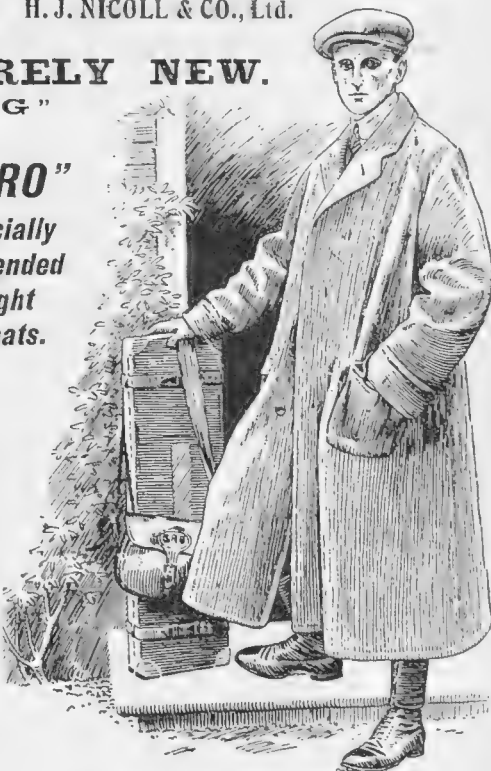
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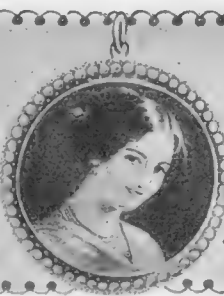


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**NEW THERMAL AND HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT** on the Terrace. Hot and Cold Sea-Water and Electric Baths, Massage, &c. Constant Fresh Supplies from every Continental Spring of repute in the "Trinkhalle."



## THE QUEEN of CRÈME DE MENTHE PIPPERMINT GET FRÈRES

A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur  
Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.

Free Sample on application to

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES:

B. LAURIEZ & C<sup>o</sup>, 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E. C.

Quality  
Refinement  
Comfort



22/6

Black or  
Tan



22/6

Once fitted,

always fitted

# LOTUS

Write LOTUS, STAFFORD, for illustrated style booklet and local agent's address.



*The Subscription List is now open, and closes on or before 4th March, 1910.*

No part of this Issue has been, or will be, underwritten.

THIS PROSPECTUS HAS BEEN FILED WITH THE REGISTRAR OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

# LAW CAR

## General Insurance Corporation, Ltd.

Registered Office: 4, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

### AUTHORISED CAPITAL £350,000

Divided into 350,000 Shares of £1 each.

Issued Capital, £244,168.

Issue of an additional 60,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, at a premium of 10/- per Share, payable as follows:

5/- per Share on application.  
10/- " " on allotment.  
15/- " " one month after allotment (which includes premium of 10/-).

#### Directors.

SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I., 45, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.,  
*Chairman.*  
H. HALLIFAX WELLS (H. H. Wells and Sons, Solicitors, 17, Paternoster  
Row, E.C.) *Vice-Chairman.*  
W. MILLWOOD, Barrister-at-Law, Garden Court, Temple, Director, East  
London Railway Co.  
H. F. GILMOUR, Merchant, 5, Fen Court, E.C.  
R. W. BRIMACOMBE, M.D., 10, Harley Street, W.  
J. W. GREIG, 111, Canfield Gardens, N.W., Director, London General  
Omnibus Co., Ltd.  
CHARLES J. FOWLER, 13, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.  
*Managing Director.*

#### Bankers.

LONDON and SOUTH-WESTERN BANK, Ltd., 155-156, Cheapside,  
London, E.C.

#### Solicitors.

NICHOLSON, GRAHAM, and JONES, 24, Coleman Street, E.C.

#### Broker.

FRANK NEWSON-SMITH, 1, Draper's Gardens, London, E.C., and the  
Stock Exchange.

#### Auditors.

CHARLES EVES and Co., Chartered Accountants, Capel House, New  
Broad Street, London, E.C.

#### Chief Medical Officers.

R. L. CAUNTER, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., 45, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.  
ALGERNON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., Walgrave, Strawberry Hill,  
Twickenham.

#### Fire Manager.

B. W. NOBLE.

#### Inspector of Branches.

W. E. GARDINER.

#### Chief Accountant.

HERBERT J. WATT, A.C.A.

#### Assistant Secretary.

P. BALDWIN SMITH.

Managing Director and Secretary.  
CHARLES J. FOWLER.

### PROSPECTUS.

**Capital.**—The LAW CAR and General Insurance Corporation, Limited, was established 4th August, 1906, with an Authorised Capital of £100,000, the whole of which was subscribed privately between August, 1906, and September, 1908. The Capital was increased to £350,000 in March, 1909, and in that month the Corporation offered for subscription 250,000 shares to be paid up to 5s. per share at a premium of 1s. 6d. per share (*i.e.*, a premium of 30 per cent. on the amount to be called up), of which 144,168 shares were allotted and £36,042 has been paid upon the shares so allotted.

**Progress, Economy, Dividends.**—The remarkable progress of the Corporation and the low ratio of expenses at which it is conducted, are shown in the following statement:

Year.	Net Premium Income.	Assets including uncalled Capital.	Total Resources, including Premium Income.	Dividends Free of Income Tax.	Ratio of Expenses to Premium Income.
1907	£ 68,099	£ 104,867	£ 172,966	5 per cent.	30.10 per cent.
1908	191,930	234,192	426,122	10 " "	28.29 " "
1909	367,876	442,819	810,695	12½ " " (including Bonus, 2½%)	28.03 " "

**Organisation.**—The Corporation transacts all classes of Insurance business except Life; but the Directors propose to include the latter, for which it possesses special facilities, referred to below.

It has extensive connections and an exceedingly valuable organisation, including twenty-seven fully equipped Branches and several thousands of Agents, the whole cost of which has been met out of Revenue as it arose.

**Reasons for Issue and Future Prospects.**—The continued progress and the great future possibilities of the Corporation fully justify a further increase in the financial resources of the Corporation, and it is the intention of the Board, as foreshadowed by the Chairman at the last Annual General Meeting, to recommend to the Shareholders the utilisation of their valuable agency connections, organised Branches, and large *clientèle*, by adding to the existing classes that of Life Assurance, of which the Managing Director possesses a long experience. The Corporation is well fitted to embark upon it at a minimum outlay, and to add thereby an asset of considerable value. A deposit of £20,000 with the Government would have to be made in compliance with the Assurance Companies' Act, 1909.

How profitable Life business is may be seen from the prices of shares in the following Companies transacting it:—

NAME	Paid Up per Share.	Prices in 1909.		
		Highest.	Lowest.	
Atlas .. .. .	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Edinburgh Life .. .. .	1 4 0	5 10 0	5 0 0	
Law Life .. .. .	10 0 0*	48 0 0	46 10 0	
Legal and General Life .. .. .	2 0 0*	24 10 0	19 7 6	
Pearl Life .. .. .	2 0 0*	17 15 0	16 10 0	
Prudential .. .. .	5 0 0	65 0 0	62 10 0	
Star Life .. .. .	5 0 0	62 0 0	60 0 0	
Sun Life .. .. .	1 5 0	47 10 0	36 0 0	
	1 0 0*	19 10 0	18 15 0	

\* Excluding additions from profits.

60,000 £1 Shares to be paid up in full are now offered for subscription, the issue price being fixed at £1 10s. per share, of which 10s. is premium.

It will be observed that these shares when paid up carry no uncalled liability.

**Shares rank for full Dividend as from date of Allotment.**—The shares now offered will rank *pari passu* with the existing shares, and will carry full Dividend as from date of Allotment.

**Priority of Allotment.**—Existing Shareholders, Policyholders, and Agents of the Corporation will receive priority of Allotment.

**Interest Chargeable on Arrears.**—Interest at the rate of Five per cent. per annum will be chargeable upon payments in arrear, but failure to pay at the due date any instalment on shares allotted will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

**Brokerage.**—A brokerage of six pence per share will be paid on shares allotted in respect of applications bearing a Broker's Stamp.

**Stock Exchange Quotation.**—Application will be made in due course for a settlement and quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

**Commission on Shares.**—The Corporation paid Commissions amounting in the aggregate to £731 5s. 6d. in respect of subscriptions for 58,254 Shares in the Corporation during a period of two years prior to the 22nd February, 1910.

**Memorandum and Articles of Association.**—Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected any day during the issue of this prospectus at the offices of the Corporation between the hours of 11 and 4.

**Applications for Shares.**—Applications may be lodged with the Corporation's Bankers or forwarded to the Head Office, 4, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

**Minimum Subscription.**—The minimum subscription on which the Directors will go to allotment is 25,000 Shares.

**Return of Deposit if no Allotment.**—Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant.

25th February, 1910.

## LAW CAR

### AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.

Issue of 60,000 Shares at a premium of 10/- per Share.

#### APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

No. ....

To the Directors of the

LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of Five shillings per share on..... Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Corporation, I hereby request that you will allot to me that number of Shares upon the terms of the Corporation's Prospectus, dated 25th February, 1910, filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that you may allot to me, and I agree to pay the balance of £1 5s. per Share as provided by the prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members as the holder of the Shares allotted to me.

**For Priority of Allotment.**—Please state whether you are a Shareholder, Policyholder, or Agent.

#### NOTE.

Ordinary Signature.....  
Name (in full).....  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

#### PLEASE

Address (in full).....

#### WRITE

Profession or Business .....

#### DISTINCTLY.

Dated .....1910

Cheques should be made payable to the Corporation's Bankers—

THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LIMITED.

A separate remittance must accompany each application.



The List of Applications will close on or before the 7th day of March, 1910.

# The BRAZIL NORTH EASTERN RAILWAYS, Ltd.

Share Capital issued, £350,000. Six per cent. First Debenture Stock, £350,000

PARR'S BANK LIMITED, are authorised by the British and International Investment Trust Limited, to receive applications for the purchase of  
**£350,000 6% First Debenture Stock at par.**

of the Brazil North Eastern Railways Limited,

**PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS: 10 per cent. on application; 40 per cent. on allotment; 50 per cent. on 30th March, 1910**

Interest will be payable on the 1st February and 1st August in each year. The first payment for a full six months' interest will be made on the 1st August next.

**THE STOCK IS REDEEMABLE AT £110 PER CENT.**

The First Debenture Stock and Interest thereon is secured by two Trust Deeds creating a first floating charge upon the undertaking of the Railway Company, and is to be redeemed on or before the 1st February, 1933, at £110 per cent., and may be redeemed by the Railway Company at its option, at any time, on six months' notice, at the price of £110 per cent.

The Railway Company may not, without the authority of an Extraordinary Resolution of the Debenture Stockholders, create any mortgage or charge on its assets ranking in priority to or *passu passu* with the First Debenture Stock, except for the purchase of additional property, in which case the property so purchased may be specifically charged. The Stock is transferable in multiples of £1.

The redemption of the Debenture Stock will be provided for by annual payments by the Railway Company to the Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders, commencing on the 1st February, 1913, and being for the first ten years at the rate of at least £4000 per annum, and thereafter at such a rate as will be sufficient to redeem in each year at £110 per cent. one-tenth part of the Stock outstanding in 1922. The Debenture Stock will be redeemed by annual drawings at £110 per cent., or by purchases on the market, or otherwise, whenever the Stock can be acquired below the redemption price of £110 per cent.

The letters, copies of which accompany the Prospectus, have been received from Mr. J. A. Lorimer, M.Inst.C.E., who has been appointed General Manager of the Railway Company, and from its Consulting Engineers, Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, by the British and International Investment Trust, Limited, who have purchased the whole of the First Debenture Stock now offered for sale.

Application must be made on the form enclosed in the Prospectus and sent, together with a deposit of 10 per cent. on the amount of Debenture Stock applied for, to Parr's Bank, Limited, 4, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., or to any of its Branches.

If no allotment is made, the amount paid by way of deposit will be returned in full, and where the Debenture Stock allotted is less than the amount applied for, the surplus paid on application will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, any excess being returned to the applicant. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation of the First Debenture Stock in the Official List of the London Stock Exchange.

A brokerage of 5s. per cent. will be paid on allotments made in respect of applications (other than underwriting applications) bearing Brokers' stamps.

A Copy of the Concession from the Brazilian Government, under which the Railways will be worked, and translations thereof, and Copies of the Trust Deeds securing the Debenture Stock, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Railway Company, can be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Roney and Co., Solicitors, Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., while the Lists remain open.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from Parr's Bank, Limited, 4, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., or at any of its Branches, from the British and International Investment Trust, Limited, 24, Throgmorton Street, E.C., and from Messrs. C. Birch Crisp and Co., 11, Angel Court, London, E.C.

London, 1st March, 1910.

To the  
**BRITISH AND INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENT TRUST, LTD.**  
 24, THROGMORTON STREET, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—The Brazil North Eastern Railways, Limited, was incorporated in England on the 25th January, 1910 with the object of working two Railways in the State of Ceará, North Brazil, known as the Baturité Railway and the Sobral Railway. The length of the lines at present in operation is 561.5 kilometres (348 miles). A further 26.5 kilometres (16½ miles) are ready for opening, and another 136 kilometres (84 miles) are under construction. The United States of Brazil Government has decided to join up the two Railways into one system and to carry out other important extensions estimated to amount in all to about 950 kilometres (590 miles) in order to open up fertile and well-populated Districts in the State of Ceará and in the neighbouring State of Piauí not at present served by any Railway.

When the extensions now decided upon are completed the Lines to be worked by the Railway Company will have a total length of about 1000 miles.

The United States of Brazil Government formally authorised the construction and equipment of the extensions of the Railways by Decrees No. 7669 of the 18th November, 1909, and No. 7842a of the 3rd February, 1910, and provision was made in the issue on the 7th February, 1910, of United States of Brazil Government 4 per cent. Bonds towards the cost of such extensions.

The above Decrees sanction the execution of a Contract for the construction of the extensions of the Railways and a Lease of the existing Railways, together with the extensions, when constructed, for a term expiring on 31st December, 1970, and authorise the formation of a Railway Company in England for the purpose of working the Railways. Under this authorisation the Brazil North Eastern Railways Limited, by arrangement with the Concessionaires, will take over the working of the Railways for the full period of the Concession. After the 31st December, 1940, the Government has the right to expropriate the lease on payment of an indemnity equivalent to 25 per cent. of the average annual net revenue for the previous five years multiplied by the number of years of the lease unexpired, adding thereto the amounts admitted as capital by the Government less amortisation on a scale specified in the Lease. The "Capital" is defined in the Concession as "an initial sum," justified by the Company and accepted by the Government, and such other sums as the Government shall subsequently authorise to be carried to this account.

The Lines now in operation are the only Railways in the State of Ceará, which has an area of about 40,000 square miles, and a population of about 1,000,000. The area of the neighbouring State of Piauí is about 113,000 square miles and the population over 400,000. Until the present time the Baturité Railway and the Sobral Railway have been operated separately under Brazilian management and from the official returns, which are audited by the Brazilian Government, the average gross receipts of the two lines for the three years ending 31st December, 1908, were

£100,742 per annum, and for the same period the net receipts, before charging the payments to the Government, were £31,205 per annum. From returns supplied by the former Lessees the gross receipts for the year ending 31st December, 1909, were £111,212. If working expenses for that year are taken at the average rate of the previous three years, the net receipts (before charging payments to the Government) would exceed £34,000.

The annual rent payable to the Government is fixed on a sliding scale, and on the basis of the 1909 receipts would amount to £6733. In addition to the rent, there is also payable to the Government a fixed charge of Rs. 50,000\$ (about £3125) per annum, in respect of Government inspection and supervision of the Railways. The Railways are exempted from Import Duties upon materials necessary for the construction and working of the same, and also are free from all State and Municipal Taxes.

From fifteen years' experience of Railway work in North Brazil with the Great Western of Brazil Railways, latterly as General Manager of those lines until April, 1909, and from a personal inspection of the Baturité Railway in 1908, I am of opinion that the net receipts of the Brazil North Eastern Railways, so soon as the whole of the lines at present authorised are in operation and after making all payments to the Government, should exceed £53,000 per annum, and these results should be greatly increased with the development of the districts to be served. As each section of the extensions is completed for the Government, it will be handed over to the Railway Company and immediately come into operation, thereby progressively year by year increasing the returns from the lines now in operation.

Exchange has been taken in all the foregoing figures at the rate of 15d. per milreis.

I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully, J. A. LORIMER, M.Inst.C.E.

To the  
**BRITISH AND INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENT TRUST, LTD.,**  
 24, THROGMORTON STREET, E.C.

DEAR SIRS,—We have had an opportunity of examining the Statistics and returns and Reports relating to the Baturité Railway and the Sobral Railway, which is to be operated by the Brazil North Eastern Railways, Limited, for which Company we are the Consulting Engineers, and we have had the assistance of Mr. J. A. Lorimer, the General Manager of the Railway Company, in making our investigation.

The Railways now in operation, and the extensions to be carried out at the expense and for the account of the United States of Brazil Government will form a very important Trunk system, which will open up and develop rich and fertile districts in the States of Ceará and Piauí, North-East Brazil, at present not served by any Railway.

We are of opinion, from the information supplied to us by Mr. Lorimer and from our general knowledge of the district and also from the Reports which have been made upon the Lines, that the Lines can be well and profitably worked and that the Brazil North Eastern Railways, Limited, should earn net receipts of over £53,000 per annum on the completion of the extensions now authorised to be constructed for the Government, and that these receipts should gradually increase as the Districts to be served are developed.—We are, Dear Sirs, Yours faithfully,  
 DOUGLAS FOX AND PARTNERS.

*Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders of the Railway Company.*  
**THE CITY SAFE DEPOSIT AND AGENCY COMPANY LIMITED.**

*Directors of the Railway Company.*  
**CLARENDON G. HYDE, Esq.,** (Director, Vera Cruz Terminal Company, Limited), *Chairman.*

**E. B. FORBES, Esq., M.Inst.C.E.** (Director of the Taital Railway Company, Limited).

**ROBERT LOGAN, Esq.** (of the National Bank of New Zealand, Limited).  
**Colonel Sir GERARD SMITH, K.C.M.G.** (Director of the San Paulo (Brazilian) Railway Company, Limited).

**A. LI. GRIFFITH-WILLIAMS, Esq.** (of Griffiths-Williams and Johnson, Pernambuco and Maceió, Brazil).

*Bankers in Brazil.*  
**THE LONDON AND BRAZILIAN BANK LIMITED** (Rio de Janeiro, Ceará, &c.).

*Solicitors of the Railway Company.*  
**Messrs. ASHURST, MORRIS CRISP & CO.**

*Secretary.*  
**Mr. JOHN A. RONEY, 42, New Broad Street, London, E.C.**

This Form may be used and sent together with the deposit of 10 per cent. on the amount of Debenture Stock applied for, to Parr's Bank Limited, 4, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., or to any of its Branches.

**The Brazil North Eastern Railways, Limited.**

*Offer of £350,000 6 per cent. First Debenture Stock at par.*

To THE BRITISH AND INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENT TRUST LIMITED,  
 24, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of ten per cent. on £..... of the above Debenture Stock of the Brazil North Eastern Railways Limited, I/we apply to you to sell me/us that amount of the said Debenture Stock or any smaller amount that you may allot to me/us upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 1st March, 1910, and agree to pay the balance of the purchase-money for the same by the instalments specified in the said Prospectus.

PLEASE Signature .....

WRITE Name in full .....

DISTINCTLY Address .....

Dated ....., 1910.

NOTE.—Applications must be in multiples of £1. The deposit payable on application is 10 per cent. on the nominal amount of the Stock applied for.

A separate cheque must accompany each application, and be made payable to Beaver and crossed

" & Co."



## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

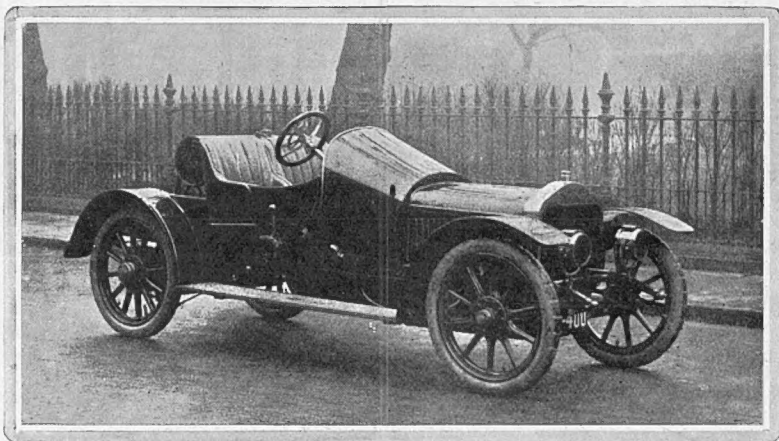
## Motorphobie en Suisse.

In no country, in Europe at least, does such virulent motorphobia rage as in Switzerland. The general recognition of this curious hatred on the part of the Swiss people has had the effect of scaring motor tourists from any approach to the land of William Tell, whither, but for the risks of indignities—such as heavy fines, insults, and imprisonment—they would have trended in increasing numbers every year. At the request of certain petty Cantonal governments, who, to pile Pelion upon Ossa, wished to impose a speed-controlling device upon every automobile, a committee, including the President of the A.C. of Switzerland and certain technical people, sat upon the matter. They invited the submission of designs, and twenty were received. After examination and test all these devilish conceptions for the annoyance of the motorist were rejected, the committee expressing an opinion that the imposition of so objectionable a restriction would be death to motoring in Switzerland.

## No Redress for Shortage.

Each and every motorist purchasing any one of the standard two-gallon cans of petrol hopes and believes that such can contains two imperial gallons of the spirit which gives his car life. Some little time since complaint was rife that many of these cans, when carefully checked, were found to show shortage amounting from gills to pints, and in consequence of these allegations one or other of the petrol companies arranged for the demonstration of their automatic measuring and can-filling machinery to a number of representative motor-journalists, who attended at one of the depots for the purpose. These gentlemen returned convinced that, however the shortage complained of had come about, it could not and did not originate

with the petrol companies, whose methods were exactitude itself. Now the Coventry and Warwickshire Motor Club have raised the question with the R.A.C. Legal Committee as to whether anyone when purchasing a tin of petrol is entitled to receive a tin containing two gallons, and have received a reply to the effect that the question depends upon the purchaser at the time of purchase. If he demands a tin or can of petrol, which is generally supposed to contain two imperial gallons, if not more, he cannot claim two gallons, although he expects to get it. This does not seem fair on the face of it, and if shortages become rampant, and the price of petrol rises, as we are promised it will very shortly, the motorist will feel inclined to buy his petrol by the gallon, and insist upon it being admeasured to him.



A SMART RUNABOUT LIGHT CAR: A 15-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER STRAKER-SQUIRE, WITH SIDE DOORS.

This car, which was supplied to Mr. J. H. Brereton, of Liverpool, is an excellent example of a really smart runabout car of light calibre.

## The Cause of Leakage.

As I have said, shortage cannot be ascribed to the big companies. Machinery such as they use for filling the cans cannot make mistakes; so when a can is found to contain less than the prescribed quantity, the loss must be due to speculation or leakage. It is difficult to imagine how petrol can be abstracted from the cans while the seal remains intact; but leakage due to brutal damage of the cans may be responsible for much. In this regard, however, I think the petrol-companies are to some extent, though indirectly, responsible. They still retain the rather crude form of faucet with which the original cans, excellent in design and convenience as they are, were issued. More often than not, force amounting to brutality, supplemented by long tyre-levers or the bottom of a fellow-can, is required to detach the cross-slotted brass cap, and thereby much strain is entailed on the neck of the opened and the bottom of the opening can. It is surely not beyond the bounds of human ingenuity to devise an effective and simple style of stopper which, while proof against speculation and leakage, could nevertheless be easily manipulated with the fingers.

# THE B.S.A.

## 15-20 h.p. Touring Car

### With Torpedo Body.

First—foremost—to-day—in the years to come—B.S.A. represents, and will continue to represent, the highest attainable standard of perfection in design, material and workmanship.

The B.S.A. 15-20 h.p. Touring Car with Torpedo Body possesses all the refinements essential to the best British-built Car; has the most flexible engine—is fast on hills—light on tyres, and economical on petrol.



Catalogue, with List of Agents, sent post free on request.

**The BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LIMITED,**

Contractors to H.M. Govt., the War Office, The India Office, Post Office and Colonial and Foreign Govts.

**No. 5, Sparkbrook, BIRMINGHAM.**



From a Photograph.  
Legging makers of every description.

## ORIGINATORS &amp; SOLE MAKERS

SPLIT-FALL  
OR  
FLY FRONT.

**21/-**

BUTTON  
OR LACE  
KNEES.

## SEMI-RIDING KNICKERS

Cut on the same lines as Riding Breeches—full on the Thigh—free from drag—very clean at the knee—they will be found specially suitable for Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Riding, &c.

**MATERIALS**—Real Harris and Lewis Tweeds, Cottage Mayo and Irish Homespuns, Donegal and Kenmare Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, &c., &c.

**FOR COLONIAL WEAR**—We recommend our celebrated Triple-Yarn-Proofed washing Garbette: guaranteed thoroughly thorn-resisting and waterproofed.

**A PERFECT FIT** guaranteed by using our Simple Self-Measurement Form.

**100 PATTERNS POST FREE on application.**

"Your Semi-riding Knickers are indeed excellent and I have no intention of going elsewhere for my Breeches in future."  
D.W.R. (Capt.)"

## REID BROS.

Sporting Tailors and Breeches Makers,

NORFOLK HOUSE, 209, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.  
Telegrams: "Tristan, London." Telephone: 8306 Gerrard.



## DR. PIERRE'S

OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE OF PARIS.

## THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

CELEBRATED for its Aromatic and Antiseptic Qualities due to its Vegetable Bases

WHITENS THE TEETH. HARDENS THE GUMS. CLEANSSES THE PALATE.

Used daily it ensures against microbic infection.

25 Medals awarded for excellence.

GRANDS PRIX, PARIS, 1900, FRANCO-BRITISH, 1908.

By Appointment to H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.

Samples 2d. post free from  
Depot C, 203, REGENT STREET, W.